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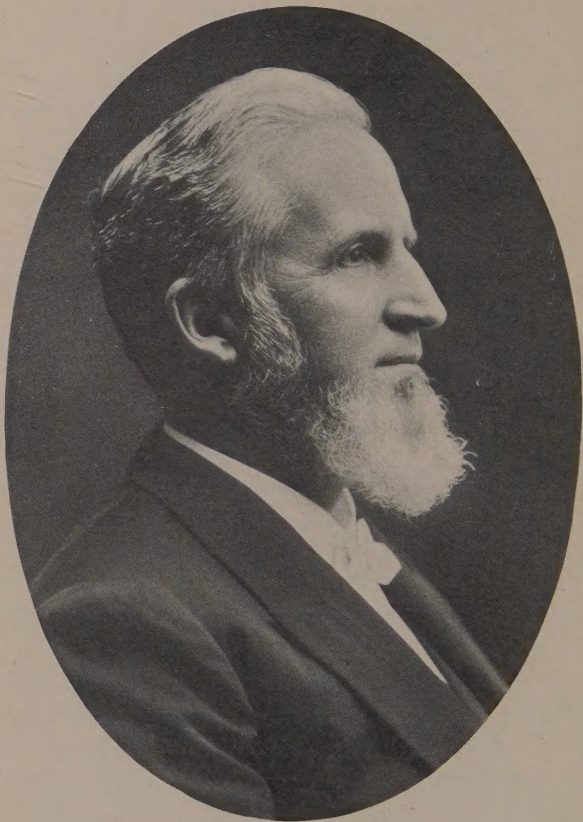


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The Methodist Pulpit

Religious Certainties



Cyrus D. Foss

Religious Certainties

SERMONS ON SPECIAL OCCASIONS

[Extemporaneously preached and stenographically reported.]

By

BISHOP CYRUS D. FOSS, D. D., LL. D.

OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

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I.

FOUR GREAT RELIGIOUS CERTAINTIES.

(DURING THE GENERAL CONFERENCE, METRO-
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MAY 20, 1888.)

"I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord. . . . That I may know Him and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings, being made conformable unto His death; if by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead."—PHIL. III, 8, 10, 11.

IS THE moon inhabited? If so, by beings like ourselves? And do they live in communities and nations? And are they agitated by the strifes of political parties, and by legislative debates about the tariff and free trade, and by conflicts between the nations on this side of the moon and on the other side, from which the earth is never seen? Strange questions, you may say, to be asked in this place,

and in connection with religious themes. Well, it is not I who am responsible for first raising these questions in connection with the Christian religion. The moon has certain well-understood relations to this globe. It is the brightest light and ornament of many of our nights. It is the first great stepping-stone in the knowledge of astronomy. It is the chief factor in raising the tides of the ocean. Some think its changes have something to do with the weather, and with the proper time for planting corn. But what hare-brained lunatic ever thought it worth his while to inquire about the politics of a planet which very likely is not inhabited?—for the astronomers tell us it has no perceptible atmosphere. Again, I say, it is not I who am responsible for first raising these questions, and for raising them in connection with religious subjects, but one of the great masters of the skeptical thought of our time, Professor Huxley, who styles all the sober speculations of Christian philosophy, and all the confident affirmations of Christian experience, as akin to lunar politics. I use his phrase, “lunar politics.”

Has it, then, come to this? Has the bold and blatant agnosticism of our time reached this supreme height of self-assertion and of universal doubt? In this nineteenth century of grace, and on the eve of

the last decade of it, when Christianity has girdled the globe, transforming every civilization it has touched; sanctifying senates and courts and legislatures by prayers and solemn oaths; giving, through its Holy Scriptures, law to all lands; dominating the brain of the world and the wealth of the world, and the ruling nations of the world; and manifestly marching on to world-wide dominion;—are we now to be told that the majestic forces underlying this master movement of the ages, the thoughts of God and of heaven and of hell, and of the judgment-day, and of eternal retribution, “the powers of the world to come,” as the Scriptures sublimely term some of these thoughts and forces,—that all these are akin to the politics of the moon?

Away with all such bold and blatant skepticism! Let us turn, on this bright, vernal Sabbath afternoon, to look at *four great religious certainties*. Certainties I say, deliberately and advisedly, for I confess myself at the outset not to be one of those who assert, or even admit, that in this age of “advanced thought” all things are in question. I rather prefer to believe, as I profoundly do believe, that long ago some things were settled once for all, and once for evermore.

Suppose a man born and brought up on a Western prairie, let us say in the western portion of the

State of Minnesota, to declare his sober belief that there is not anywhere on the globe such a thing as a mountain. From his cradle until manhood surrounded by a broad-spreading, flat, almost treeless prairie, with scores of miles of golden wheat-fields gleaming on every hand, he declares his belief that all the accounts given in the physical geographies of the height and bulk and mass and majesty of mountains, and that all the engravings and paintings and even pretended photographs of mountains are akin to the politics of the moon! What shall I say to such a man? Perhaps this: "My friend, take your journey nine hundred miles southwestward." And if he takes my advice, and arrives at midnight in the city of Denver, and having slept until morning, goes out on the piazza of his hotel and looks around him,—now is the time to reason with him about mountains; for, looking away southward and westward and northwestward, Pike's Peak and Gray's Peak, and fifty other peaks of God's eternal hills confront him. Now ask him if he believes in mountains.

Above all the night of man's ignorance, above all the storms of his sin, above all the mists of his doubt and unbelief, the eternal hills of God lift themselves for evermore, jeweled, sunlit, and eternal. I wish

to point out to you *Four Mountain Peaks of Religious Certainty*.

I. First among these, led by the greatest of men and the grandest of apostles, I point out to you GOD; the truth of *a personal God*; the fundamental concept of all religion, the underlying bed-rock of all these epistles, and of all this Book. This apostle generally begins his epistles by announcing himself "Paul, an Apostle of Jesus Christ by the will of God." I say this is the fundamental concept of all religious belief, and assert concerning it, moreover, that it is the great and manifestly felt need at once of philosophy and of the human heart.

Of the intellectual part of this need I find evidence in the attitude of some of the scientific seekers after truth, who, after their farthest excursions into the regions of the scientifically known, come back many a time with the awe-struck mien of men who have heard the sound of majestic footsteps which they cannot trace, and the rustle of royal robes whose wearer is unknown to them.

The necessary philosophical conceptions of infinite space, and of eternal duration, find adequate answer only in the idea of that august Being "who inhabiteth eternity." And yet Agnostics speak of Him only as "the Unknowable," thus

going, in their impertinent assumptions of universal knowledge, lower than their cousins in ancient Athens, who did indeed erect altars to "the unknown God," but who never had the effrontery to speak of Him as "the Unknowable." David has drawn their picture to the life. Far be it from me to speak a single severe word concerning any honest and pained and seeking doubter. But as to these all-knowing and confidently-asserting doubters, I think David has drawn them to the life when he says, "The fool hath said in his heart, 'There is no God,'" as though only a fool could say it, and he only in his heart. And then he finishes the picture by saying, "They are corrupt; they have done abominable works." Of course, such men want no God, and, in their hearts, they say there is no God.

Surely Lord Bacon was not mean in philosophy, and he was mighty in logic, and he says: "I would rather believe all the fables of the Talmud and the Koran than that this universal frame is without a mind. A little philosophy inclineth man's heart to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth man back to religion." The great want of the brain of man is God. But O, if this be the want of the mind, how intensely is it the want of the pained, aching, breaking, broken heart of the race! "O that I knew where

I might find Him! O that I might come even to His seat!" "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God." "I thirst for God, for the living God. When shall I come and appear before God?"

Augustine put it truly: "Thou hast made man for Thee, and he is disquieted until he returns to Thee."

Now, to this immense need, what is the Divine answer? O ye seekers after fundamental truth in the realms of matter and of mind, come this way; pillow your aching minds and hearts on the bosom of infinite Love; listen to the Book. What says it? Where shall I listen? To the first verse: "In the beginning, *God*." What a mighty satisfaction to right reason there is in this sublime postulate, "In the beginning, *God*!" "God created." "God said, Let there be light; and there was light." A personal God, creating, speaking; this is the fundamental need of all philosophy; also of the aching heart of the race. So you shall find that the one effort of the Book is to satisfy this one need of the race. Open it at its earliest page and follow it down, and through all its books, be they history, poetry, prophecy, archæology, biography, epistle, no matter what, you shall find the one revelation to be the satisfaction of man's one need—God.

Moses was sent to deliver God's ancient people, and said, "They will not believe me; they will ask, 'Who sent you?' " The answer simply was, "Go tell them, *I am* hath sent me unto you." The one want of Israel was God. Elijah confronts the prophets of Baal and of the grove, eight hundred and fifty. They call upon Baal from morn until noon, and from noon until the hour of the evening sacrifice; they cut themselves with knives and lancets; but there is no answer. Then the prophet of the living God builds up the broken-down altar, puts the flesh of a bullock on it, pours on it nine barrels of water, and then simply prays, "O Lord, let it be known this day that 'Thou art God;'" that is all. That is all Israel needed.

Hezekiah receives an insulting letter from Sennacherib, and knows that Sennacherib tells truly what his fathers have wrought in the nations round about. He spreads out the letter before the Lord, and simply says, "O Lord, what this man says is true; but, O Lord, let it be known that 'Thou art God.'" One swing of the sword of one angel of the living God; one hundred and eighty-five thousand corpses, and Israel triumphant!

Come down to the time of David: "O Lord, 'Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.'"

“Whom have I in heaven but Thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire besides Thee: Thou art the strength of my heart, and my portion forever.” So I say, the one want of man, and the one revelation of the Book, is God.

II. Close beside this mountain peak of religious certainty I see another. At first glance it looks a little lower. But walk about them both, and climb upon them, and study them, and you shall see that they are of the same height. CHRIST! God in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself; He, concerning whom this great apostle says, “I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, my Lord!”

I must speak a few words concerning the historic Christ, and also concerning the omnipotent, ever-living, indwelling Christ.

Concerning the historic Christ mark this introductory statement; no fact is isolated; that is, no thing and no event. Each is part of all; each is woven into the mesh of circumstances, and can not be taken out without deranging the whole. A single acorn implies the universe. For, in order to this one acorn an oak with its roots, trunk, boughs, branches, twigs, leaves. In order

to this, the earth, with the various elements of the soil, the rain, the sunshine; the sun, the solar system, the visible universe. One acorn implies all this.

So each event is part of all, and is verified by its place in the general system of things. About three years ago the tallest erection of man on the surface of this planet was dedicated to its permanent use in the capital of this nation; taller than the pyramids, taller than the Cologne cathedral spires, piercing the clouds at 555 feet from the ground. Now, why was it built? To celebrate that illustrious man concerning whom the greatest of living Englishmen says, "If I were shown a number of pedestals for the historic characters most celebrated for nobility and purity, and one was pointed out higher than all the rest, and I were called upon to name the fittest occupant of that pedestal, I would at any time within the last forty-five years have said, as I would now say, George Washington." So says Mr. Gladstone. Now, why? How do I know there ever was such a man? Ask that boy of sixteen, "How do you know there ever was such a man as George Washington?" "Why, how do I know, sir? How do I know? That monument proves it; the city in which it stands, and which bears his name, proves it; this nation, of which he was the father, proves it; this world proves it; it is

a different sort of a world, and a better world, because he lived in it."

Now, suppose I should ask, not a boy of sixteen brought up here in America, or even in Christendom, but suppose that an intellectual and highly-educated Chinaman were set down by a miracle on this bright afternoon here on Broadway; that he had never heard of the name of the Lord Jesus Christ until this hour; and, coming with the throng, had found his way into this building, and in yonder seat had watched this scene up to this moment, and had heard these songs and prayers; and that I had been able, in the space of one brief hour, to unfold to him what is the thought of the Christian world concerning the meaning of this Book, and of this other book, in which the thoughts of the first are wrought into poetry and set to music; and that during such a wonderful hour of revelation he should have passed in his thoughts from an unknowing Chinaman to a knowing and thoughtful Christian, suppose that then I should ask him, "Was there ever such a person as the Lord Jesus Christ on the face of the earth?" what would be his answer? O! methinks he would say, "Send that man to the lunatic asylum."

Well, have we not an anniversary dearer to the

heart of America than the 22d of February ; dearest of all anniversaries to the heart of England, and of Ireland, and of Scotland ; growing dearer every year to the heart of China, and of India, and of Africa ; the 25th of December ! And why ? Why is it that the millions of the children of many lands look to it as the brightest, merriest day of all the year, and that parents and children and friends make it a day of sweetest congratulations and richest gifts, unless the manger-cradled Babe of Bethlehem was actually born, and really died and rose again and went up into heaven ?

Archbishop Whately wrote a tract which I wish every Christian, and especially every Christian minister, would read, entitled, "Historic Doubts Concerning Napoleon," in which he shows conclusively that on all the principles on which German neologists have ever called in question the historic character of the four Gospels, you can prove that Napoleon never lived. And, indeed, it were easier to bow out Waterloo than Calvary.

I pass on, however, for I will not pause for any extended argument before this Christian audience about the historic Christ ; but let us glance a moment at the ever-living, omnipotent, indwelling Christ, and trace His ascending track, from its nadir to

its zenith, from the tomb of Joseph to the highest heaven, where God crowns Him, and angels and saints fall at His feet; and see how He justifies both of His own wondrous sayings: "Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am," and "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world;" enabling us to sing:

"One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream, of death."

Who is He? O, suppose that He were now to come in at yonder door, and take this place, and, standing before us in meek self-evidence—for we will never need to be introduced to Him—should say, as He said to His disciples, "Whom do men say that I, the Son of man, am?" O, if I might be your joyful spokesman, I would tell Him, "O blessed Christ, the world has not forgotten Thee; it is full of Thee; biographies of Thee are in all libraries." "But whom do men say that I am?" If my tongue did not cleave to the roof of my mouth, I would say, "Some say Thou art a myth, a fancy portrait, and thus that a myth has changed the face of the world." And then suppose that He should

demand of us, "But whom say ye that I am?" O, if again I might be your happy spokesman, on bended knees and with streaming eyes I would cry, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God, Thyself very man and very God." For has He not wrought this greatest of miracles, that He has outlived Himself, and enshrined His love on earth?

O, the grave, the grave! Why do men dread it so? Not, thank God, for what lies beyond it—through the infinite grace of Jesus Christ we may have the victory over that—but because it kills men so dead to this world, because it buries them out of sight, and presently out of mind, because it drives them away into an awful earthly oblivion. Who cares anything now for Julius Cæsar? Who cares anything now for the great Napoleon? And yet, when the old men in this congregation to-day were little boys, Napoleon was in the height of his power, and his every step shook Europe and the world. Now, after less than three generations, even Frenchmen go to the most magnificent mausoleum on earth, in the Hotel des Invalides in Paris, as a mere holiday pastime. They laugh and chatter over the ashes of the great Napoleon. But O, there is one grave whose ashes have never grown cold—nay, there were never any ashes in it, and that is the glory of it—the

tomb of Joseph of Arimathea. There is one Name that seemed to be going out in darkness as well as in blood, which has grown bigger and bigger from that hour until now, and now fills the earth and the heavens. Why? I will tell you why. Because of the character of Him who bears it. Nothing else.

In the fourth century Julian the Apostate made the last great and persistent effort to replace Christianity by the old classic polytheism. He was one of the astutest statesmen and one of the mightiest warriors of the later empire. One of his orators, Libanius by name, said one day to a humble and despised Christian, "What is the Galilean carpenter doing now?" And this humble and despised Christian had the wit and grace to answer, "The Galilean carpenter is building a coffin." It was only a few months before the coffin was done, and in it was laid the form of Julian the Apostate, and with it the last effort to revive the old polytheism.

Such carpentry has been going on ever since. It is about a century and a half since Voltaire, intoxicated with the incense of the French nation, said, "The Almighty will see fine sport in France within twenty years," and he said also, "Before the end of the eighteenth century Christianity will be a thing of the past." Well, the Galilean carpenter was then

building another coffin, and soon it was done ; and in it was laid the form of the silly Voltaire, and beside him the corpse of the old French monarchy. The house in which he uttered his foolish prediction has long been a depository of the British and Foreign Bible Society ; and Christianity did, indeed, become more grandly than ever a thing of the past, but its real empire is in the future.

It is within the easy recollection of many of us in middle life that the most contemptible of recent monarchs, the Nebuchadnezzar of modern nations, Napoleon the Little, rose up in the pride of his power and said : "Is not this great Paris, which the first Napoleon built of brick and which I have turned to marble ? Is not this great France which exists for the glory of the Napoleonic dynasty ? I will water my horses in the German Rhine and the hoofs of my cavalry shall clatter through the streets of Berlin." And the pope patted him on the back and said, "Well purposed, good and loyal son of the Church ; go and do this, and the blessing of God and of the pope shall be on thee." Six weeks, Sedan. Another coffin was done, built by the Galilean carpenter, and in it was laid the contemptible form of the modern Nebuchadnezzar, and beside him the temporal power of the pope never to rise again. "The Galilean carpenter"

has quite the habit of building coffins for His enemies and weaving crowns of immortal amaranth for His friends.

Who is He? "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Thyself very man and very God.

III. The next step to which the great apostle leads us, in the text I have read, brings us before another mountain peak of religious certainty :—O how the sinful world loves to look that way : SALVATION ! God ! Christ ! God in Christ ! Salvation ! Salvation by Christ !

You know the value of the testimony of experts, and that in many great civil suits advocates are wont to bring forward in the crisis of the trial some expert, a man who by his natural ability, and his special studies, and his life-long practice of some profession, has more knowledge and a wiser judgment concerning the case in hand than the average man. Now, brethren, sisters, and friends, I want to bring you to-day an expert in this business of salvation, a man who knows all about it. And in enumerating his qualities I have this first to say : I verily think he is the greatest man the great God ever made ; greater than Burke, greater than Webster, greater than Cæsar or Alexander ; with a marvelous brain, and with a more marvelous heart, if that be possible ; a

very well-educated man. Undersized and homely, his enemies said; but don't let that distress you; Isaac Watts was an undersized man, and John Wesley weighed but one hundred and nineteen pounds. But the enemies of this man had to admit that his "letters" were "weighty and powerful." I should think they were, for they have changed the religious thought of the world. This man was originally and for a long time a hater of Jesus Christ, and a vigorous opponent of Christianity; very well taught in the Old Testament Scriptures, with all advantages for recognizing the truth as it is in Jesus, and yet he came to hate Him. He stood by, a brilliant young man, holding the clothes of those who stoned Stephen, the first martyr, and he himself went about the business of persecuting Christians and of putting them into prison. He liked it so well, that finding out a new nest of heretics in Damascus, he went to the chief priests for authority to exterminate them. So skillful was he in his plans about it that he said, "Write in women as well as men." And in that he was wise; for woman has always been the truest lover of Jesus Christ, and you never can root out Christianity anywhere until you grind under your iron heel the heart of woman as well as the brain of man.

And having this bloody commission, this insanely mad persecutor of the early Church started for Damascus and got there—no, he did not; another man got there. He was made over on the way, so that his very name had to be changed. He started Saul; he got there Paul. And from that splendid hour, until his death thirty years later, his head severed from his body by the sword of Nero, he insisted on being chained to Jesus' chariot wheels, the devoted slave of this blessed Christ, and yet declared that this service was perfect and joyful freedom. Ladies and gentlemen, the Apostle Paul!

I have to catechise him before you concerning his impressions about salvation in its outset, in its progress, and in its outcome. I want you to notice his picture of salvation. It is a remarkable picture. He says, long after this scene on the way to Damascus,—silvered with years, every power of his nature developed and tested in his conflicts with sin, on behalf of Jesus Christ and His Holy Gospel—he says years and years after that: "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord. I count them all but dross that I may win Christ, and be found in Him, not having my own righteousness, but the righteousness of God through Christ by faith." And now mark his pic-

ture: "That I may know Him;" to know Him is the joy of earth and heaven. O, that is blessed. "And the power of His resurrection." By which he does not mean here, the power of God in raising Jesus from the dead. Turn a moment to Ephesians i, 18-20, and you will see exactly what he means. "The eyes of your understanding being enlightened; that ye may know what is the hope of His calling, and what the riches of the glory of His inheritance in the saints, and what is the exceeding greatness of His power to us-ward who believe, according to the working of His mighty power, which He wrought in Christ, when He raised Him from the dead, and set Him at His own right hand in the heavenly places."

So you see He means by "the power of His resurrection," the resurrection power of Jesus Christ in the human soul. Do n't you see? "That I may know Him and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings." That is awful, for He was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." "Being made conformable unto His death." O, that is terrible, for He died on a cross, between two thieves. And that is Paul's picture of salvation. It looks like the beginning of a climax, and then in the end a terrible anticlimax.

But consider a little what other sort of salvation would have answered for that great, bad man, that chief of sinners, who claimed the bad eminence of being the bellwether of Satan's flock. Now, what will answer for him except a big, strong, stalwart, all-sided, magnificent salvation? Not only was he a great sinner, but a great sufferer, for thirty years dying daily. What would any salvation amount to for Paul that did not have a place in it for the "thorn in the flesh," that did not have a place in it for Nero's sword, that did not have a place in it for "perils among robbers," for "perils in the wilderness," for "perils by shipwreck," worst of all, for "perils among false brethren"? So, you see, no other salvation would answer for Paul, that great sinner, that great worker, that great sufferer, but a big, round-about, stalwart salvation.

Let me ask him a question or two. "Paul, what would you say to a salvation by rose-water?" "Give me blood." "Blood?" "Yes, God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by which the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." It is a great, strong, sanguinary business with Paul, salvation is. "Well, Paul, what would you say to a salvation by culture, by developing all that is good and noble in human nature, and

gradually repressing the bad?" "I must be a new creature; I am a dead man and must have a resurrection; I have got to be made over; and, thank God, I have been." That is the salvation Paul got the notion of at the outset.

Did he keep up this idea? Was that the sort of salvation that he exhibited all the way along? Let us see. I remarked that he had had many troubles, great troubles, and I now add that the salvation he got was not a salvation out of these troubles, but a victory over them. He had a thorn in the flesh that pierced him very sorely. I am so glad that commentators can not agree about that. One says it was ophthalmia; another, dyspepsia; and they tell you a dozen things. If any one of them could prove what he says, then only that class of sufferers would ever get the full comfort of it; but now it belongs to everybody. That thorn pierced Paul sorely, and he prayed "three times" to have it taken away. That means three hundred or three thousand times. That means again and again, and again and again; and God at last gave him a glorious answer: "Yes, Paul, I know; I will answer more than you ask, but not in the way you ask. I will press in that thorn, and push it to the heart, and quick and bone and marrow; but

I will also transform it so that you will proclaim to all the ages that it is the best thing you ever had."

Now, ask "Paul the Aged," sitting there in the prison: "What is your peculiar treasure?" "Well, that shipwreck was a very glorious time, and those 'perils among false brethren' now are very glorious in the recollection of them; but this is my diamond, this thorn in the flesh; it is a treasure, a peculiar treasure, for by it I found that when I was weak, then I was strong, and that God's grace was sufficient for me."

In sundry epistles he sums up his tribulations, and you find him loaded down with troubles to the water's edge, chin deep in tribulation, and yet never drowned. You can not imagine Paul an unhappy man. This is one of his summings up: "Our light affliction which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Who says that? You may say, "Why, I am sure it is some merry school-girl, leading a gay life among butterflies and flowers." No, no. This is not a feather flying on the air, "our light affliction which is but for a moment." He sums up a thirty years' daily death in that. What does he say about it? I will give you the closer rendering

of the Greek: "The momentary lightness of our affliction worketh for us an eternal burden of glory, with hyperbole upon hyperbole." That is what he says. Now, can you think of him as an unhappy man?

Well, does he hold out so? The outcome is, of course, the test. Does he hold out so? Two years ago I was in that dark, deep-underground dungeon in the Mamertine prison, one of the well-authenticated places near the Capitol, in Rome, where Paul actually spent a large part of the last two years of his life, with a chain around his leg fastened to a soldier, or to a stone pillar. How does it look to him at the last? We have one of his last letters preserved to us. I look into that prison. I see the old man, grave, dignified, serene, writing his last letter. His face glows with rapture, and his pen almost catches fire in the speed of its flight. "Paul, may I see what you are writing?" "Yes." "I am now ready to be offered." His last words. Listen. "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand." "I think you are right. It is to-day, or to-morrow, Paul." "I have fought a good fight." "Yes, you have." "I have finished my course." "Well, yes, you have, and you know it." "I have kept the faith." How glad I am he *kept the*

faith! What another sort of a world this would have been if that one man had let the faith go! It would not have gone out of the world, for it had many other witnesses even then. But I am so glad that this man kept the faith.

"I have kept the faith; henceforth"—"Well, now, what is it, Paul? What is the outlook?" " 'Henceforth a crown of righteousness,' not of mercy; God gives it to me of right; He is 'faithful and just to forgive' me my sins, and to cleanse me from all unrighteousness.' 'Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day' "—"O, Paul, do you see but one crown? Have I any chance?" "Wait till I finish my sentence. 'And not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing.' " He saw that day a crown apiece for us all. "And is that your outlook?" "Yes." "Now, Paul, do n't you see anything else? (for I see a Roman soldier whetting his sword just outside the city gate). And do n't you hear anything? (for I hear the crunching of the bones of Christians by lions just out there). Listen." "Well, since you speak of it, I do see a light gleaming out through the gates of pearl and over the walls of jasper; and since you speak of it, I do hear 'the voice of harpers harping with their

harps' to welcome me home: but the great thing is the crown of righteousness."

Wonderful man! "Henceforth a crown." Now, I am very glad that before this epistle is finished this apostle writes a promise which found me thirty years ago, "My God shall supply all your need, according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus." Paul's God was a great God and a good God. He made the greatest of men the grandest of apostles, the chief of sinners a glorious saint, the very sorest of sufferers a triumphant victor. Commend me to the God of Paul.

IV. Look again along your mountain range. God, Christ, God in Christ; salvation, salvation by Christ. Once more, only once more; IMMORTALITY. Immortality in Christ, and through Christ, and with Christ. This is the last point to which our text leads us, and here it stops; "That I may know Him and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings, being made conformable unto His death, *if by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead.*" I said immortality, and not resurrection, because I think, on careful examination, that this verse does not refer specifically to what we term the resurrection of the body. That is referred to in many other places; among the rest, as I believe,

in the last verses of this same chapter, from which I read, "We look for the Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body, according to the working whereby He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself."

I am old-fashioned enough to have repeated from boyhood until now, and never with more intense conviction than in the last few years, that phrase in the grand old creed of universal Christendom which has come down to us in substance from the very time of the apostles, "I believe in the resurrection of the body." And yet I say, I do not think that here in this text it is that which is specifically taught as it is elsewhere, but that glorious outcome of felicity, when soul and body reunited shall bear His glorious image.

So I announce for my last topic, for a very brief discussion, Immortality. I am, of course, perfectly aware that I can only touch, in the closing paragraphs of a single discourse, a theme that needs and has had treatment in a multitude of volumes. But I just want to fasten your sight and your memory on this fourth mountain peak of religious certainty, that it may stand before you in all the coming years. Concerning it let me advert to these two topics only ;

the instinct of immortality which is within us, and the sense of eternal things which sometimes comes to the departing spirit. I say instinct of immortality, not meaning by that to imply that the natural argument for immortality is strong enough. I do not believe that. The ancients made a great many beautiful guesses; they entertained pleasant hopes; but they had no steady belief. Socrates said: "I hope I am now going to good men, though this I would not take it upon me positively to affirm." And Cicero says: "Which of these two things is true [referring to life and to no life after death], God only knows, and which is the most probable is a very great question. When I read, I assent; but when I lay down the book, all the assent vanishes."

Seneca says: "Immortality, however desirable, is rather promised than proved by these great men." I think Pliny, with his severer words, came nearer the common belief of the old classic nations: "To all men after their last day remains the same state which was before their first day, nor is there after death any other sensation, either in body or soul, than there was before birth; but this same vanity of ours projects itself into the future, and in the very hour of death falsely represents to itself a future life." Let these few words justify the assertion that the ancient na-

tions, foremost in culture and in philosophic knowledge, had no clear belief in immortality. They guessed, they wished, they hardly dared to hope. But Jesus Christ "hath brought life and immortality to light." What was faint even among the Hebrew people, what among them was at the very best in twilight, Jesus took and brought to light through the Gospel; and He did this, not by merely overcoming death. O, brothers, do not represent to yourselves death as a field of battle, in which a bloodstained conqueror stands with his foot on the neck of a fallen and bleeding enemy. No, no. He has cleared the field; there is neither enemy nor weapon left. "Jesus Christ"—listen to the word—"hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light." And ever since that, I think the instinct of immortality has been universal. The rising sun of righteousness has shot gleams of light around the world, and everywhere now men feel the stirring of this mighty instinct of another life.

"The instinct of immortality," did I say? Here is a mountaineer who never has seen a ship in his life, nor any sea or lake. Imagine him suddenly transported to Boston, and in the early morning to go down into a shipyard, and to find a great ship in the stocks, just ready to be launched; and to begin to

make his observations. "What a big house this is, and what a queer house, with its roof at the bottom and its floor on top; and what a long house and a narrow house!" He sees a ladder and climbs up to the deck, and walks about, and sees the mighty masts and the ropes and chains. He sees the stairs, and goes down into the cabin, and says, "Yes, it is a house; here are sofas and chairs and tables. It is a house, and what a big house, what a strange house!" And then again, walking about on the deck, and seeing that one end of the ship is already in the water, he says to himself, "This house was never built to stay here;" and even as he says it, the master comes out with fifty men at his beck. He gives the word, they knock away the props, and the great house starts and leaps into the water. And as it glides forth into the harbor the mountaineer says to those around, "I said so; I said it was never built to stay on land."

Now, take a man, any man. Take Matthew Simpson, seventy-seven years ago a little red-haired baby in the arms of an Ohio mother, just one more baby to all other eyes, but supremely beautiful to hers; and then an awkward youth, keen-minded and hungry for all knowledge, but bent in the shoulders and gaunt. He comes to early manhood, and begins to feel the

strange thrill of that divinely given impulse, which those who have felt it never can forget, which said to his soul, "Go, preach My Gospel." And he said to himself at once: "I never can, and that for four reasons; everybody says I am ungainly and awkward as a declaimer, and my voice is thin and squeaky, and I can't commit anything perfectly to memory, and, what is worst of all, it will break my poor mother's heart." He tried to hide it awhile, and then, when he could keep it no longer, he went to his mother with the terrible story. With downcast heart he told her his almost guilty secret; and she said to him, with glowing eyes and bounding heart, "My dear son, I have been waiting to hear you say this ever since you were born."

Then he put the silver trumpet of the Gospel to his lips, and blew it; and the town listened, and the county listened, and the state listened, and the nation listened, and the world listened. And for fifty years he preached the Gospel of Jesus Christ to more persons than any other man who has lived in this century. And then, just four years ago this month, he stood up before the assembled Church in its General Conference in Philadelphia on the last day of the session, and spread out his thin hands, and pronounced over us the apostolic benediction. And in

seventeen days he was not. Where is he? Is he anywhere? Sighing winds, have you heard his voice? Blazing stars, have you seen him in his lofty flight? Where is he? Matthew Simpson was never built to stay here. He has sailed out on the ocean of the eternities. And you and I shall. God has made us for another sort of locomotion than these poor feet can carry on.

One more word. I spoke of the sense of eternal things which sometimes comes to the departing spirit. Now, if there is present any spiritualist technically so-called, or necromancer, pretending to hold communion by the tipping of tables with the spirits of the departed, I have to say to him that if he thinks to get any comfort out of what I am about to say, he is mistaken. I believe all that sort of thing is nine-tenths self-deceit and one-tenth devil; and I am not sure but that in that statement I give Satan rather more credit than is due him. But while I have no faith in these things, I do suspect, I do suppose, I do think—you see I do not use the word I would in repeating the Apostles' Creed, I do "believe," since it is not a matter of absolute demonstration—but I do confidently trust that God opens the gates a little way now and then before the saints get in, and lets the

glory out, and lets the angels out, and lets the saints out, to welcome those who are going home.

Have not I myself skirted the shores of that eternal sea? Did not I, six years ago, stand on its very margin and hear the washing of the silver spray? And Thou, O blessed Christ, and I know very well the secrets of those triumphant days, whose glories I shall tell at last in the better land.

But there are facts within the knowledge of you all that have brought this truth home to you. Let two incidents suffice by way of illustration. When I was a young pastor in Brooklyn, just thirty years ago, I had in my congregation for several years a dear old saint of God, the maiden sister of Nicholas Snethen, of blessed memory. O what a saint she was! And every week, twice almost always, on given days, I went to her upper room on Fulton Avenue, and talked with her about the kingdom just coming to her immortal vision; and the young pastor was greatly helped and confirmed in the faith every time he went. One Thursday afternoon one of her nieces, after my class-meeting, said to me, "Aunt is in trouble, and would like to have you call." I had not time to ask her what was the matter, so many were coming up to shake hands. But I said

I would be there in a few minutes; and in twenty minutes I was at her bedside. And as I walked up the avenue I asked myself what last hold the old enemy could have got on that mature and triumphant saint. I could not make it out.

I came to her room, stepped to her bedside, and concluded at once that it was a curious sort of trouble, for her face shone as though a passing angel had dropped a smile upon it. I took her by the hand and said, "Mother Snethen, your niece said you were in trouble. What is it?" "Well," said she, "I would have been glad if my Lord would have permitted me to spend my remaining days on earth praying for the Church and for my friends, but *I can not pray any more.*" She had the same experience as that sainted man of God—the Rev. Charles J. Clark, D. D., of the Maine Conference—that dear brother who sat at the secretary's table there on the first days of this General Conference, and who went to his reward two weeks ago to-day. When his faithful wife knelt and said, "Shall I pray for you?" he sweetly answered, "Prayer for me is done." "I can not pray any more," said this old saint in Brooklyn thirty years ago. Then said I, "Let me pray for you." I had just begun, but there was no more praying to be

done there. I had scarcely said the first word when she said, "Hallelujah," and I said "Hallelujah," and her niece said "Hallelujah," and heaven seemed to answer back "Hallelujah." And so it lasted four days, and there was no more praying to be done there. I said, "If God pleases, Mother Snethen, to let you begin the employments of heaven now, never mind; it is all right." During those four days she would say, "Now, don't you hear anything in particular in this room?" "No, do you?" "Yes." "What do you hear?" "The angels of God singing my welcome home." And then she would say, "Don't you see anything there, right there?" "No, do you?" "Yes." "What do you see?" "I see the angels of God waiting to carry me home." "All imagination," some blear-eyed doubter may say! A sanhedrim of philosophers can not prove that it was not the dawn of the eternal vision.

In South Africa a few years ago lived a bishop of the Church of England (I understand that one of the bishops of that Church sits beside me at the present time on this platform), an honored man of God. He was a bachelor. His maiden sister was his dear companion and caretaker. For years they toiled there in

that unpromising field, remembered by every packet that took back letters to the home land, and always spoken of as Charley and Liz. They both died there. Years later one of the sisters under the home roof-tree came to her last sickness. They thought she still had a month to live, or at least many days. She was wandering slowly and sweetly toward the golden shore, when one day she turned her head suddenly and said, "O there 's Charley, and there 's Liz!" and a film passed over her eyes, and she was not, for God had taken her. Who shall say they were not there? Methinks it were just like my dear Savior to have sent them.

I suppose that three out of four of the people in this house to-day who have reached the age of forty years have seen similar cases, in which such evidence came to them as they never can be dispossessed of, that heaven and earth met and touched around the soul of some departing pilgrim before the bruised feet had left the thorny path of time.

Thus I have pointed out to you to-day, beloved friends, four great religious certainties: God, Christ, Salvation, Immortality. Are these things true? O, ye venerable men of God, on the platform and elsewhere in the house, some of whom began to preach

these things before I was born, are these things true? If not, in God's name stand up and say so, and tell the people that a crazed brain has been misleading them to-day. Nay, ye stand not up; these things are true. Well, then, O ye ministers of God, preach them. Do not dilly-dally with astronomical lectures, geological homilies, and philosophical disquisitions. Preach the Gospel. Tell the people the glad story of a risen Christ waiting to save them.

And if these things are true, O ye who are far from God to-day, prodigals wandering from your father's house, immersed in sin, caught in the glittering meshes of skepticism and unbelief, study them on your knees, with the open Bible before you. Study them, and if you pretend to any faith, live as though you believed them; for verily, besides this glorious immortality of which I have told you, there is an eternity of shame and perdition, against which I warn you. I beg you to-day, turn to God, and seek the salvation of your souls. O let every Christian heart go up in prayer while I cry to God to give to the sons the honor put upon the fathers! In the olden time, while the word of exhortation still lingered on the preacher's lips, sinners were awakened and brought to God. O God, put upon us that honor

here to-day! Let every Christian heart send up that prayer. And let every sinful heart that has no part in the knowledge of this great salvation, understand the yearning anxiety of Heaven over the issue of this hour, and know that "there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." O sinner, make the angels and the glorified saints and the Divine Redeemer glad to-day!

II.

THE FAITH DELIVERED ONCE FOR ALL.

(DEDICATION OF THE CHAPEL OF GARRETT BIB-
LICAL INSTITUTE, EVANSTON, ILL.,
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"Beloved, when I gave all diligence to write unto you of the common salvation, it was needful for me to write unto you, and exhort you that ye should earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints."—JUDE 3.

AMONG the testimonies which the sons of genius, in their deep disappointment and bitter want, have given to the solitary superiority of the Christian faith, I know none more impressive than that of Sir Humphrey Davy. His brilliant genius, his practical inventiveness, his great talents, his discovery of four metals, his fortunate surroundings and his pre-eminent distinction, conspire to make the entry in his later diary very mournful—namely, the two words "Very miserable"—and to give profound emphasis

to his estimate of the Christian faith. He says, "I envy no quality of mind or intellect in others,—not genius, power, wit or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to every other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness, creates new hopes when all earthly hopes vanish, and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights; calling in the most delightful visions where the sensualist and the skeptic view only gloom, decay, and annihilation." Over against this profound utterance of that great philosopher at the close of his singularly fortunate but unsatisfactory career, place the flippant and oft-quoted couplet of the skeptical Pope, steeped in infidelity to its core:

"For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

As though there were no well-ascertained ground and no infallible standard of religious belief; as though there were no things found out and made clear to Christian thought once and forever; as though the great mass of the evangelical Church in all ages had found no common substratum of essential doctrine; as though the roots of character had

no vital relation to the fruits of character ; as though figs might grow on thistles and sweet waters pour forth from bitter fountains. Which of these two estimates of the Christian faith commends itself to your sober judgment? That of the profound philosopher who finds in a firm religious belief the sheet anchor of human safety and hope, or that of the careless and skeptical poet who speaks of "modes of faith," as though they deserved no serious attention from thoughtful men?

Surely in this age of doubt, when creeds are so laughed to scorn, when theology is so often spoken of with contempt and ridicule as though it were synonymous with superstition, when catechisms are so often trodden under foot, and when so much of the current literature carelessly assumes that the old dogmas are exploded, and quotes the Scriptures not to explain them, but (if that were possible) to explain them away, it can not be amiss for us earnestly to inquire once more after "the faith once delivered to the saints," and in response to this martial summons to gird ourselves anew and contend earnestly for it with the courage, fidelity, and zeal of good soldiers of Jesus Christ. Especially does such a train of thought befit an occasion like this, which places before our very eyes the demonstration that

a large branch of the Christian Church—the largest branch of the one Church of Christ on this continent—thinks it worth while to summon many of the young cadets about to be commissioned for this holy war, to gather here for years of thorough Biblical and theological training.

I am, of course, not unaware that some Biblical critics have called in question the canonicity of the epistle from which I have read my text, and also of the Second Epistle of St. Peter, which it strongly resembles, and from which it no doubt largely quotes; but this circumstance need cause us no hesitation in choosing this text since the same lesson is taught us in many places in epistles universally admitted to be canonical. Take as a specimen this in the Second Epistle of St. Paul to Timothy: "Hold fast the form of sound words, which thou hast heard of me, in faith and love which is in Christ Jesus. That good thing which was committed unto thee keep by the Holy Ghost which dwelleth in us." (2 Tim. i, 13, 14.) And again: "Thou therefore, my son, be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus. And the things that thou hast heard of me among many witnesses, the same commit thou to faithful men who shall be able to teach others also." (2 Tim. ii, 1, 2.) I have chosen the text because, better than any other

single verse, it sets forth "the faith once delivered to the saints," and sounds out a martial summons earnestly to contend for that faith.

I. Our first endeavor must be to *ascertain and verify* "THE FAITH ONCE FOR ALL DELIVERED TO THE SAINTS."

We have occasion here, as the text leads us, to consider (1) *the treasure* committed to us, (2) *the casket* which contains it, and (3) *the custodian* of the treasure.

I say first, the treasure. What is it? "The faith," that is the phrase. And if you take your New Testament and mark it, especially the Epistles, you will be surprised to find how many times you come to the term "the faith." The word faith is used in the New Testament in two very distinct senses; namely, as the saving act of the soul, and as the truth on which that act is exercised. By the Savior it is always used in the former sense; by the apostles often in the latter. There is very manifest reason for this marked difference. Jesus was here visible to men, was moving around among them; and salvation lay simply in the acceptance of His visible person as that of the Savior. Just that and nothing else. So long as He was visibly present, faith had that sense, and that only. He sent forth His seventy

disciples, but nowhere save to cities and places to which He Himself was about to come; and so His summons was, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." *To* Nicodemus and *for* all men He uttered the sublimest declaration ever committed to the language of mortals: "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him might not perish, but have everlasting life."

But He disappeared from the scene, He was lost to the view of men; and His apostles went forth to preach Him. And how should they preach Him? Peter gives us a specimen: "Whom having not seen ye love; in whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory; receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls." John, the apostle, leaned his head on Jesus' breast, and knew that great heart, which had broken on the cross, better than any other man that ever lived. But sixty years after, he could not point men to the visible Savior as John the Baptist had done, and say to them, "Behold the Lamb of God," and so he wrote about Him thus: "That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us; and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and

with His Son Jesus Christ." "This, then, is the message." Thus you perceive that when the Savior had disappeared from the eyes of men, salvation lay in accepting a message concerning Him in order that men might thus come into living union with His ever-blessed and saving person.

So "the faith" is a system of truth. It is a record of certain specific facts about the Lord Jesus Christ—if you please, *a creed*. Much as that word is despised and laughed to scorn, I thoughtfully use it and say that "the faith" is necessarily a creed; and I observe that, while within the limits of the Church many persons have poured the severest sarcasm on this word, every Church on earth worthy of the name has a creed, and to a greater or less extent holds to its creed and loves its creed. To be sure, there are creeds and creeds. Men have built around the great citadel of revelation certain outworks of theology which may be mere rubbish and worse than rubbish; and it is well for the citadel itself that the enemies of Christianity should destroy these. A great deal of superserviceable zeal has been exercised in trying to defend that citadel. It needs no defense except the godly lives of men who illustrate the power and the essential truth of the Christianity which Jesus taught and which He died to found.

To show exactly what we mean by theological rubbish, we need not go to the Mother of Abominations, and point to the shackles which she has bound upon the minds of millions of men. You can find ample illustration a great deal nearer home than that. The Athanasian creed, worthy of all praise in many regards, to be held in everlasting respect for its profound teaching of the incarnation of Jesus Christ and concerning the Holy Trinity, yet illustrates what I now say. After setting forth these fathomless mysteries in most elaborate and metaphysical statements, which very few people, not more than one man in a hundred of the philosophers and divines of the world can possibly understand, it says, "This is the Catholic faith; which faith, except every one doth keep whole and undefiled, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly." Now, I never read that without thinking of the old lady who sat on the front seat at the funeral of Jabez Bunting; and when Dr. Dixon, with the too customary extravagance of lamentation on such occasions, mournfully said, "Alas, alas, there are no more such men left," the old lady looked up with a smile and said, "Thank God, that's a lie." I would not use the same words; but yet as I read the Athanasian creed, and consider its terrific comminations, I have in my heart the

same feeling. And I do not wonder that the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country at its organization definitely and permanently refused to adopt the Athanasian creed; nor that the Church of England Quarterly says concerning it, "Every time that creed is read the officiating minister is solemnly enunciating that which neither he nor any of his hearers believes."

And yet the faith is ascertainable and verifiable. God has put it into the world, and there is somewhat to be found somewhere to which no thoughtful Christian man can take exception as being the faith, the very truth of God. Before I pass on let me remind you of the other two terms I used besides the treasure—the casket and the custodian. The casket, what is it? It is that which contains the treasure. The treasure, what is it? It is the essential truth on which a man must rest in order to his salvation. Imagine a diamond, the largest and most brilliant ever created, and imagine also that it is a miraculous diamond in this respect, that it is an original source of light, not merely reflecting the light of the sun, but itself a fountain of quenchless radiance. Imagine it is a vase of alabaster, and so pouring forth its blazing luster as to make the whole vase pulsate and palpitate with light. Such is "the faith" within

“the word.” The custodian is the Church, the everlasting succession of Christ’s true, living, human witnesses, who first received this truth from God. The truth was delivered to, not invented by man, not reasoned out by man’s intellect; delivered, handed by God to man; delivered once for all. That is what *hapax* means, *once for all*. Read your new version, and you will find it is “once for all delivered.” Delivered in its completeness. The same word is used in another text that will help us to understand this. “It is appointed unto man once to die;” *hapax*, once, and only once. Such is the divine intent of this word.

Now, I beg you to fasten your thoughts on these three statements I have just now made; and let us see whether they do not justify the declaration that the faith is ascertainable and verifiable—nay, is ascertained and verified. And first, I say, *this faith is delivered, that is, given, by God to men*; in part, in large part, by God the Son; and then the remainder, in its absolute completeness, by God the Holy Ghost. Both these statements I get from the words of God the Son. When He was among men He taught them; He taught them largely, richly, and abundantly; and yet long after He had uttered the Sermon on the Mount, long after He had uttered most

of His parables—nay, all His parables—long after He had wrought all His miracles and had uttered those great discourses of which John gives the record, and John alone ; He came to His valedictory address, and in that He said—I beg you to mark the words—“I have many things to say unto you, but ye can not bear them now.” Still the revelation was incomplete ; for He had explicitly told them, “Howbeit when He, the Spirit of truth, is come, He will guide you unto all truth : for He shall not speak of Himself ; but whatsoever He shall hear, that shall He speak : and He will show you things to come. He shall glorify Me : for He shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you.”

This explains the saying of one of the evangelists who had written one of the richest of the Gospels, when he comes to write another book ; namely, the book of the Acts of the Apostles, in opening which he uses these words : “The former treatise have I made, O Theophilus, of all that Jesus began both to do and to teach.” “He showed Himself alive after His passion by many infallible proofs, being seen of them forty days, and speaking of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God.” The Gospel of St. Luke is only the beginning of the biography of Jesus Christ, and so it is with all the four Gospels. Christ

had only begun His career on earth when He disappeared from the eyes of men. There might be more accurate titles to several of the books of the New Testament. It would be more correct to call the fifth book of the New Testament, "The Acts of the Lord Jesus Christ by His Apostles," and the sixth, "The Epistle of the Lord Jesus Christ to the Romans by the pen of Paul;" and the last, "The Revelation of the Lord Jesus Christ to the world through the soul of John." I predicate this upon His own statement, "I have many other things to tell you, but ye can not bear them now. The Holy Ghost will teach them to you." And through evangelists and apostles, by the Holy Ghost, He put them into the world; and we have them now in their completeness.

I say *in their completeness*, and here comes my second thought. Ye ought earnestly to contend for the faith once for all delivered unto the saints. Not once alone, once for all. Take in that sense. Any Greek professor will tell you that is the only sense in which *hapax* is used. The eighteen hundred years since the New Testament record was completed have been very busy years in the history of the human mind—the busiest that it has ever had. The world has had a magnificent out-march and development in

matters social, political, scientific, and philosophical; years which in some aspects of them could never be repeated if it should stand ten thousand years longer. Every generation has climbed up on the shoulders of all the generations that have gone before, and has peered out restlessly with the whole power of the human intellect and the full determination of the human will into the regions of matter and of force and of mind. Wonderful discoveries and sublime advances have been made. But since John laid down his pen the whole thinking of the whole world has not added the dot of an *i* nor the cross of a *t* to the moral and religious teaching found in the New Testament, in germ at least. Men talk about the Pauline theology and the Johannean theology. Why, if one of those old apostles could stand forth before the world to-day, and hear such adjectives framed upon his name, he would indignantly disclaim being anything but just a receiver and transmitter of the faith delivered by God to man. Simply that; no more. Did not Paul say to the Galatians, "I marvel that ye are so soon removed from him that called you into the grace of Christ unto another gospel, which is not another?" And did he not charge them to curse any apostle or any angel who should preach to them any other gospel than that which they had

heard? Did he not say to them: "I certify you, brethren, that the gospel which was preached of me is not after man: for I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ?" John began the last book of the Bible with these expressive words: "The Revelation of Jesus Christ, which God gave unto him, to shew unto his servants things which must shortly come to pass; and He sent and signified it by His angel unto His servant John." And at its close He uttered a terrific commination against any man who shall add to or take away from "the words of the book of this prophecy."

This treasure in its casket was "delivered to the saints." That is the third thing on which I wish to now fasten your attention. It was *delivered to the saints*, to the holy ones, to Christian believers, as history clearly shows. It was delivered to an organized body of Christian believers; and the Church then at the outset was declared by Jesus Christ's apostle to be "The pillar and ground of the truth." Jesus said before He left this world, "Upon this rock I will build My Church: and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." A scheme so comprehensive, so vast, and so expensive as that which the great God made for the salvation of this fallen world was

not to be left to any mischance nor to possible failure by any opposition of men or demons; and so just before He ascended the blessed Savior said, "Go ye into all the world;" his irrepealable marching order, "Go ye into all the world." Blessed command! For it carries with it the potency of a divine prophecy sure to be fulfilled. "Go teach all nations." There will always be somebody to go, else Christ would never have uttered that command. And did He not flank the great commission by a declaration of His own almightiness, and of His own perpetual presence? "Go, teach all nations." Before it, "All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth." Wherefore "Go ye." After it, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." It will be done, beloved.

We are ready now to verify the faith. We may do it very much as you would find the source of a river. Keep the central current and go up until you reach the fountain. You will pass tributary streams pouring in on either side, which are no essential part of the river. And so as you trace back this stream of Christian belief to the earliest times you will leave the inventions of men which have been surpluseage. You have to go back only

seventeen years to find the first of these side streams, which you may quickly pass. The Infallibility of the Pope was decreed in 1870. That is no part of the faith once delivered to the saints, of course. We know that is one of the muddy streams that pour in from the swamps of men's thinking. The dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary dates back only to 1854; Purgatory, to the Council of Trent in 1563; the denial of the communion cup to the laity, to the Council of Constance in 1414; Transubstantiation, to the Lateran Council in 1216. In the twelfth century five of the seven sacraments of the Church of Rome disappear, and only the two ordained by Christ Himself remain. The supremacy of the Pope is left behind in the sixth century. These are facts of history, just as verifiable as the death of Julius Cæsar or the birth of George Washington.

In the first five centuries no formal additions were made to the common faith. That faith was then, in the great essentials of it, exactly what the consenting faith of the great mass of the Christian Church is to-day. It was handed down to us in a creed which has maintained its present perfected form, without important variation, since the year 500, and which in its Greek and Latin forms, with

but very slight variations, dates one hundred and fifty years further back. In its every separate declaration it was on the lips of the Christian Church from the very time of the apostles. It is therefore fitly termed "The Apostles' Creed." Through the first five centuries that holy stream was flowing. It is flowing to-day. What intelligent Methodist, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Baptist, or member of the Roman Catholic Church, or of the Greek Church, can not sincerely join in swelling that sublime chorus of faith, which in unbroken cadence and ever-augmenting volume has been ascending to the ear of the Eternal from so many lands, through so many centuries, "I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth; and in Jesus Christ His only Son, our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; the third day He rose from the dead; He ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost; the Holy Catholic Church; the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body; and the life everlasting." Where did that symbol come from, and where did that faith come

from? We have traced the stream, dropping off the side tributaries, throughout all the Christian centuries.

I submit that we may expect, in view of the history I have thus rapidly outlined, to find a consensus of Christian belief and Christian Scriptures and a Christian Church somewhere appearing in the world all together. In the year 750 of Rome there were neither. In the year 850 of Rome there were all. In that century the Church emerged, the faith was given, was enshrined in the Word, and the Christian Church was raised around it, and the three have come down together from then till now. I once sat beside the famous Silver Spring in Florida. It is the head of a large branch of the Oklawaha River. Ten steamboats might float on it at once. No rill runs into it on any side. As you lean over the prow of your boat you see the gleaming limestone of a vast crystal bowl seventy-four feet below, and immense subterranean torrents bursting forth. In the years between 750 and 850 of Rome the Silver Spring of Christianity burst forth. It is flowing to-day.

“Flow, wondrous stream, with glory crowned;
Flow on to earth’s remotest bound!”

II. It remains in my plan of discourse briefly to state and unfold THE DUTY OF CONTENDING FOR THE FAITH once for all delivered to the saints; and that for three reasons which occur to me.

I. The first is this: *It is sure to be contended against.* Christ is "the Prince of Peace;" but He is also "a man of war." He "came not to bring peace on earth, but a sword." I know the advent angels sang "Peace on earth," but that means peace through conquest; peace in the hearts of conquered rebels when they become loyal subjects. Christ's own track to His throne lay through thorns and blood. The truth is sure to be contended against. But if any young minister here before me gathers from this a sense of discomfort, rather let it confirm his faith. Heretics were divinely predicted; therefore they are credentials of the faith. If there were no heretics we should know that we were wrong, and would be alarmed. They have existed in all ages of the Christian Church, and the apostles tell you how to treat them. Let me remind you of the words in connection with the text: "For there are certain men crept in unawares, who were before of old ordained to this condemnation, ungodly men, turning the grace of our God into lasciviousness, and denying the only

Lord God, and our Lord Jesus Christ." Therefore, "Beloved, when I gave all diligence to write unto you of the common salvation it was needful for me to write unto you and exhort you that ye should earnestly contend for the faith which was once for all delivered unto the saints." So Paul also notified us beforehand of this state of things to which I have just now referred: "For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they reap to themselves teachers, having itching ears; and they shall turn away their ears from the truth and shall be turned unto fables." Therefore, what? This most logical of the apostles tells you, "I charge thee therefore, before God and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at His appearing and His kingdom, preach the Word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long-suffering and doctrine."

The very form in which we find some great doctrines stated in the Bible was determined by the heresies in the early Church. I will give you two examples which show God's method in dealing with heresy. In the Church at Corinth there sprang up a heresy concerning the resurrection of the dead. Many denied that there would be any resurrection

of the dead at all. Whereupon God turned loose upon the Church and upon the world the greatest man that He had ever made, one of the mightiest logicians, and also one of the grandest poets. Do not tell me about St. Paul's being simply a man of logic. He had a heart of flame, as well as a clear, cold engine of logic in his head; and even his brain took fire now and then, as it did in this record which he has given to the Church for all time on this question of the resurrection. He gives it in the 15th chapter of First Corinthians in a glowing strain of logic grander than the most magnificent poem; and millions of Christian people have bent over their precious dead in meek submission or with feelings of holy triumph because the risen Christ inspired Paul to write that pean of victory. Then, again, there arose in the Church at Galatia a controversy concerning the relations of law and grace,—a very profound subject, I know. It involved a heresy touching the necessity of circumcision. Again this mighty man of logic leaped into the arena, "withstood Peter to the face because he was to be blamed," accused Peter and Barnabas of dissembling about this matter of circumcision, and ended the controversy with that lofty declaration which was not only the termination of a mighty logical battle, but also a shout of triumph

for you and me and millions more: "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me."

2. We should contend for the faith for yet another reason. *It is worth contending for.* It destroyed the old polytheistic civilization. It changed the face of the world. It brought in a new and better era for the race of man. It emancipated the mind. You may say these are vast claims. Indeed they are. Look back eighteen hundred years to what the world was. Read "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Gibbon writes of "a sinking world." I use his phrase. There was no promise of a noble future for the race. The home, as we conceive it, was not. The marriage tie had no sacredness. Man as man had no rights, and the individual was sunk in the State. The emperor, though he might be a very monster, was deified when he died. Power, power was the one idea of ancient Rome. A modern French painter has caught the idea and represented it with wonderful fidelity. I mean Gerome, whose canvas shows us the Coliseum with its eighty thousand spectators hungering for the sight of cruelty. There are the emperor, the patricians, the plebeians,

and the vestal virgins. The gladiatorial combat has proceeded, until the wretched victim has fallen at the feet of his more brawny or fortunate conqueror, who has placed his foot upon the victim's neck, with his sword half raised to give him the stroke of death; but, as in duty bound, he turns his eyes to the vestal virgins to see whether the turning of their thumbs shall say, "Let him live," or "Let him die." They turn their thumbs to say, "Let him die," and the stroke is just ready to fall. He is weak, let him die. He has no power. He is contemptible, let him die. So said the vestal virgins, and so said ancient Rome.

It was not far from that very time that a plain, homely man, "in bodily presence weak, and in speech contemptible" (so his enemies said), wrote a letter to some people in Rome and said, "I am ready, so much as in me lies, to preach the gospel to you which are at Rome also; for it is power." Here is power against power. It is the power of God against the power of man. It is "the power of God unto salvation" as against man's power of destruction. It is the power of God unto salvation "unto every one that believeth." Here is hope for the individual man. How this levels humanity, not down, but up! In the old civilization there was no redeeming power. It was rotten to the core; it must sink and perish.

But thank God for "the faith once for all delivered to the saints." Jesus Christ brought in redeeming elements. What were they? The truths of man's accountability, salvability, immortality, resurrection, and eternal union with the Great God through Jesus Christ. New elements these, of everlasting and transforming power. There was not a single one of them in the old Roman civilization. Jesus Christ brought into the world inspirations and superhuman forces which turned the world on its hinges and gave mankind a new start in the possibilities of life eternal. So I say "the faith" is worth contending for.

3. For yet another reason let us contend for the faith. *It is worth our while to contend for it.* God's great way of making His truth mighty is by putting that truth into living men. God's great way of getting acceptance for His gospel is by incarnating that gospel. His way of making Himself known to the world was by incarnating Himself, in the person of Jesus Christ. His way of getting for His truth currency in the world is by putting it into the mouths and lives of men with hot hearts, making their hot hearts hotter by means of it, and so thrusting it before the unbelieving multitude. It is wonderful how any truth once lodged in a human soul will enlarge and ennoble that soul. Many a scientific thought

without any moral aspect has lifted men into nobler thinking, and more earnest working, and a higher grade of living. Thoughts essentially moral and religious have still greater developing power.

Take the truth of salvation by faith, witnessed by the Holy Ghost. It would seem as though there ought never to have been any serious doubts about that. Enoch "had this testimony, that he pleased God." David sang songs of triumph as a forgiven sinner; and Paul shouted his victory all the way along. John got so full of the glory of the great salvation, leaning on the breast of the blessed Redeemer and following His footsteps, that you forgot long ago that John ever was a Son of Thunder. You think of him as the sweetest, meekest, and loveliest of men, but such he was not at first. Christ transformed John and filled him with a clear knowledge of the great salvation of which he speaks with such emphatic reiteration in his first epistle. That epistle is only four pages long; you can read it through in nine minutes. In that brief space he says nineteen times, "we know God," and as though that did not satisfy him he once says, "We do know that we know Him." And then in thirty-two other places in the same epistle he says the same thing in other words, making fifty-one substantive declarations in one short

letter that we are consciously saved through Jesus Christ.

Two hundred years ago you could not have found a thousand men in all England who would have said that they knew their sins forgiven. God wanted to get currency for this truth in the world. This part of the faith once delivered to the saints must have a new outmarch; and how? Into a quiet town, with shades more beautiful than these on this charming lake-shore, to the venerable University of Oxford comes a son of a stern old English rector. He gets through his collegiate course with high credit, but has a burning desire to know more about God and about personal religion. He is a highly educated and brilliant scholar, with a large mind; and is a consecrated and even slavish servant of God. All the years from the age of twenty to thirty-five was this truth burning in his bosom, that there is something better in Christian experience than he has ever learned; that a man must be justified and sanctified also, but justified first; that there is to be found out some way of conscious and rejoicing access to the eternal God, to the feet and heart of the King, and that King the Savior. For many years he walked up and down those shades studying the Bible and abounding in good works; and then hastened across

the ocean to convert the Indians. He came back confused and puzzled. What, with the Bible open before him, and with the history of the Church at his back? Yes. After all this long and painstaking search he wrote, "I went to America to convert Indians, but who shall convert me?" But the fullness of time came and the power of God fell upon him. His heart was "strangely warmed." Methodism was then born; and therefore we are here to-day. But for those fifteen years of struggle until this truth possessed that one man, Methodism would never have been. So I say it is worth our while to contend for the faith once delivered to the saints.

The theme is too large and my time is too short. But I must say a few words of *practical application*.

1. I plead for a *new devotion to the study of theology*. I saw in the paper a few days ago a statement that Dr. Fairbairn, the able Nonconformist professor of theology in Oxford University, has recently published an article in the *Contemporary Review* pleading for "The Study of Theology as an Academic Discipline." I have not seen the article, but I say Amen to the title of it. I would like to know by what process of reason the man who gets a little chemistry, a very little botany, more Latin

and less German, a little French and some Greek, with a smattering of philosophy, is considered a liberally educated man, when he does not know anything about the grandest of all sciences, theology. I hope for the time, I plead to-day for the time, when in every college and in every university, the science of theology shall be taught, and no young man shall be permitted to graduate if he is ignorant of that noblest science.

I plead also for better opportunities for the study of theology by theological scholars. I mean by these hard-working, noble men, who are our professors of theology. We must provide such endowments for this and similar institutions and such increase of the teaching force that our ablest and best-taught men shall have leisure for yet profounder and more fruitful study of theology and for brilliant and able authorship. Methodism owes a debt to America and to the world which she has not fully paid, a debt of high authorship in Arminian theology. It must be paid in pure gold. The payment is well begun. We have the bullion and the mints. O for more coin!

I plead for the study of theology by pastors. Some young pastors, after they have gone over the rudiments which are taught in the theological schools, think themselves fairly equipped for making

sermons if they dabble a little in philosophy, a little in science, and a little in theology. Young men, study theology, steep your minds in the great themes of the great theologians, in the treatises and sermons which are packed full of the teaching of God concerning "the faith," and be able to give a reason for the hope that is within you.

I plead for the study of theology in the Sunday-schools. You may laugh at Catechisms as much as you please. But let me tell you that one of the most brilliant, learned, versatile, and eloquent men that American Methodism has produced, John McClintock, used to plead often and earnestly for the teaching of the Catechism to all children in the home and in the Sunday-school. If you do not like the Catechism, go to work and make a better one; but let the children learn the Catechism.

2. May one of the youngest of the General Superintendents of our beloved Zion, who within the past thirteen months has felt the pulse and studied the creed of the Church in five of its Conferences in Europe and in nine in this country, venture to speak a word more personal to these venerable men, at whose feet I would be glad to sit, the professors in this theological school? I beg you, brethren, teach these young men thoroughly to understand and "ear-

nestly contend for the faith once for all delivered to the saints." Disabuse them of the specious and silly fallacy couched in the current phrase so glibly spoken by every callow and shallow heretic about every man "doing his own thinking." Of course they will need for some years to do the hardest thinking they are capable of, in order to get a tolerable comprehension of the great central truths of the Bible as formulated in all orthodox creeds. Bid them listen to Mr. Gladstone, and read his two very striking essays on the proper "Influence of Authority in Matters of Religion." As in the law the young practitioner is perpetually looking for precedents, and as the young physician busies himself in finding out the record of actual cases and of the treatment of them by the masters of the healing art, so Mr. Gladstone says that the young clergyman owes it not only to the Church, but to his own good sense and sober reason, to receive the faith once delivered to the saints, to cling to it, and not to depart from it unless protracted and prayerful study compels reluctant dissent.

Remember always that "it is the heart that makes the theologian;" that the truth taught here must go through the brain into the hearts of these young men. I wish that we might have in Boston, in Evanston,

in Madison, and in every one of our theological schools a revival of religion every year; a genuine revival, in which the young men who are in training to be teachers of the Church might go very low in humble prayer and confession before God, and get a mighty baptism which shall cause the deepest truths of personal experience to go into their very souls and bring them close to the Savior's feet.

Give us also Methodist preachers. We are not bigots; we will gladly extend the shelter of these lovely shades over all who come to us, provided their hearts are right. But we desire to send out true and earnest soldiers of the Cross, sanctified by the power of the Holy Ghost, washed in the blood that cleanseth from all sin, that they may go out into the world and contend in blood earnest for "the faith once for all delivered to the saints."

I will say but one other word, though I would be glad to say many. Avoid the half-deserved criticism laid at the door of some theological institutions, that of destroying individuality and training all students after one pattern. If a lion comes here, do not shear his mane, pare his claws, draw his teeth, nor still his roar; but cultivate him, develop him. By all means develop him, but let it be on leonine principles; and when you send him out, turn him loose

upon the world a lion still. See to it, of course, that his roar be true, and that the fire in his eye be holy, and that he shall go out in the fear of God to use his voice and teeth and claws. See to it also, above all else, that his heart shall beat responsive to the heart of the Lion of the Tribe of Judah. The Church of God needs in her pulpits no more of that class of which there are too many already—of which one is too many—nice little, clipped, perfumed, attitudinizing, platitudinizing, ecclesiastical dandies; but O, she wants from Maine to California, in every State and in every hamlet and in all lands, an ever-multiplying race of brawny, brainy, developed, individualized, consecrated, manly, godly men in her pulpits. Let my last word be this: above all things God help you to teach your students “earnestly to contend for the faith once for all delivered to the saints.”

III.

WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?

(BACCALAUREATE AT DREW THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, MADISON, N. J., MAY 14, 1895.)

"Jesus asked them, saying, What think ye of Christ? Whose Son is He?"—MATT. XXII, 41, 42.

THESE questions have everlasting interest for men. Jesus Christ is the touchstone of all hearts and the determiner of all destinies. At first the preaching of Him was to some a savor of life unto life, and to others of death unto death. "To the Jews He was a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness; but to the saved, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God." The holy Simeon, who took the infant Jesus into his arms in the temple, said, "This Child is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel; and for a sign which shall be spoken against; that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed." And in the great and terrible day of judgment every man's relation

to Him shall determine his destiny. To those on the right hand He will say, "Come, ye blessed, for I was an hungered and ye gave Me meat;" to those on the left, "Depart, ye cursed, for I was an hungered, and ye gave Me no meat."

And so, everywhere that the knowledge of Jesus has gone, men are profoundly interested about Him. They can not let Him alone. They are busy with these questions:—Who is He? Whose Son is He? What is His character? What is His personality? What is His grade in the scale of being? What is His relation to the world? What is His relation to me?

John the Baptist, discouraged, disappointed, imprisoned, and about to be martyred, sent messengers to Him, saying, "Art Thou He that should come, or must we look for another?" And that Herod who presently beheaded John, hearing of the miracles of Jesus, with startled conscience said: "This is John the Baptist. He is risen from the dead. Therefore mighty works do show forth themselves in Him." The High Priest said, "I adjure Thee by the living God that Thou tell us whether Thou be the Christ or no." And Pilate, weak-kneed and wondering, said, "Art Thou the King of the Jews?" And ever since, men have been busy about Him. His life has

been written in hundreds of languages. It is in nearly all libraries. Probably there are twenty times as many biographies of Jesus as of any other person.

And yet are you just as sure of His historic standing-place upon the earth as you are of that of Abraham Lincoln? Have you no sympathy with those disciples who after His resurrection from the dead "were terrified and affrighted, and supposed that they had seen a spirit?" Most of you never saw Mr. Lincoln. I saw him. I heard his voice. I saw the fresh blood-marks on the pillow on which his great head tossed wearily in his dying. And yet are you any less sure of his historic standing-place on the earth than I am? Are you any less sure of that of John Wesley or Charlemagne, whom none of us ever saw; or of Julius Cæsar, or of Abraham? You see, it is not a question of time, but of fact.

In addressing myself to the question of the text, I desire to lay out a scheme of evidence in answer to these two very simple questions: Was there once such a person on earth as Jesus Christ? And, secondly, What sort of person was He?

Now, I perfectly understand that in asking these questions I throw open the gates to all Christian evidences, both external and internal, and especially to great treatises on Christology. And yet for the pur-

pose of the hour I shall narrow our range of thought sufficiently to reach some conclusions within a reasonable length of time, praying that the Holy Spirit may make some deep impression of Christian truth on every mind and every heart.

First, then, I raise the question, "Was there such a person on earth as Jesus Christ?" Has He a historic character? Has He a real standing-place in the history of the world?

In answering this question, and also the other, I shall call attention to four lines of proof applicable alike to both:—first, to profane history; then to the epistles of St. Paul, especially the first four, which are incontestably genuine; then to the four great biographies; and, last of all, to Christianity itself.

I. Very briefly, under this first question, for I need not delay long here before this Christian audience; *Was there such a person as Jesus Christ?*

1. On that, what has *profane history* to tell us? I shall bring forth but a single passage—a specimen of all, and perhaps the most striking that profane history furnishes—the celebrated passage of Tacitus concerning the burning of Rome, and the charging of it by Nero on the Christians; the passage concerning which Gibbon says, "The most skeptical criticism is obliged to assert the authenticity of this

celebrated passage of Tacitus." And where, on such a point, Gibbon affirms, we need not stop to question. Of course you understand that the opinions stated in this passage are those of a Roman and a heathen; but that will not prevent you from giving due weight to the facts recorded by this veracious historian. You know that Nero burned the city of Rome, and charged it on the Christians. This is what Tacitus says about it: "Nero judicially accused of the offense, and punished with the most exceeding torments, a set of men . . . called Christians. The author of that sect was Christ, who in the reign of Tiberius suffered death by the sentence of the procurator, Pontius Pilate. The vile superstition, repressed for a time, again broke out, not only in Judea, but in Rome also. . . . At first only those were apprehended who confessed themselves of that sect; afterward a vast multitude discovered by them, all of whom were condemned. . . . Their executions were so contrived as to expose them to derision and contempt. Some were covered with the skins of wild beasts, that they might be torn to pieces. Some were crucified. While others, having been daubed over with combustible materials, were set up as lights in the night-time, and thus burned to death. To these spectacles Nero

gave his own guidance, and exhibited the diversions of the circus, sometimes standing in the crowd in the habit of a charioteer, and at other times driving the chariot himself. Until at length these men, . . . began to be commiserated as people who were destroyed, not out of regard to the public welfare, but only to gratify the cruelty of one man."

Now, my question at this moment is simply this: Was there such a person on earth as Jesus Christ? If not, how did this veracious historian come to write these things within thirty-five years of the alleged crucifixion of the Savior—close by—not so far away as we are now from the death of Lincoln? The question carries its own answer to every mind. Those words could not have been written if there had not been such a person, with a history well understood throughout the Roman Empire.

2. Secondly, I point you to *the epistles of St. Paul*.

Now you are disappointed that I do not instantly turn you to the burning splendors of the four great biographies. But I name the epistles of Paul first, partly because they were written first (all of them within thirty years of the death of Jesus), and partly because they are autograph books, as the Gospels are not, every one of them, according to the custom of

the time, having the name of the author at the head of the letter. Here they are. German criticism has ceased to call in question the authenticity of most of them, and especially of the first four—Romans, 1 Corinthians, 2 Corinthians, and Galatians. Here they are. They are genuine. Infidels say so. Now, how did they come to be, and what do they write about?

In all good libraries there is a book entitled Boswell's "Life of Johnson." I take it that book alone is proof of two things—that there was in England some time ago a man named Richard Boswell, and another man named Samuel Johnson. The existence of the book carries those two demonstrations; and if there is any difference, the proof of the latter is the stronger, for if it had not been for Johnson you never would have heard of Boswell. And if it had not been for Jesus Christ, you never would have heard of Paul.

3. Look next at *the four great biographies*. Here they are. Do they prove anything as to the existence of any person? I shall come back to them later; but at this moment my thought is simply this, to quote the words of Rousseau: "The inventor of such a character as they portray would have been a greater miracle than the hero himself."

4. I now point you to *Christianity*; and I can point in any direction. Christianity is Christ: the two are one. Without *Him* you can not have *it*. Men talk of denying Christianity. It is not a question for affirmation or denial. You might as well deny Plymouth Rock, or Massachusetts, or the Old Red Sandstone, or the Solar System. Christianity simply and sublimely *is*. And the *question* simply is, what you propose to do about it.

I dismiss, with this rapid outline of thought which you can elaborate at your leisure, the first question, "Was there once upon the earth such a person as Jesus Christ?" These words of Tacitus say *yes*. These words of Paul say *yes*. These four Gospels say *yes*. Christianity says *yes*.

II. Now, with fuller elaboration, let me go on to the second question, with the four lines of proof just outlined still in mind.

What sort of person was He—this Jesus of Nazareth?

I. To begin with, *a man*; that, undoubtedly, a man. He walked, breathed, talked, ate, drank, slept, grew weary, felt pain, died. He was a man. Withal, He loved as a man. He loved His disciples. He had His chosen friends, just like the rest of us. He seems to have thought more of

John than He did of Peter or of Thomas. He loved Martha, Mary and Lazarus so notably that it is mentioned in the Book. He loved His disciples; and, as He "loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end." O, how He loved them! So much that just before He left them, in His valedictory address in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth chapters of John's Gospel, He spread a plaster for every sore and gave a medicine for every disease, so that until the end of time no disciple of His might ever lack just what he should need of comfort and help. Above all, He loved His mother. How He loved His mother! When He was hanging on the cross between two thieves, He saw her there almost writhing with the sword through her soul; and He said to His best beloved disciple, "She is your mother;" and to her, "He is your son." From that hour John took her to his own home. Yes, He was a man.

2. But in the second place, He was *the most remarkable man* of whom history has made any record, in several particulars; pre-eminently, in this: in the unique and absolutely peerless intellectual and moral character which He exhibited, and in the wonderful results of His life and work. Who else that has ever lived could say without a blush and without

bringing a blush to the cheek of his most sensitive devotee, "Which of you convinceth me of sin?" and, "Satan cometh and hath nothing in me?" Yet some of you never have thought, perhaps, until this hour, of the apparent—no, I will not say that—of what, if they had been on any other lips, would have been the manifest and insufferable deceit and conceit of such words as those. Imagine Socrates or any saint or any sage of time to have used those words. How often I have been delighted to find the estimate put upon the Lord Jesus Christ, this unique, inexplicable, character which yet men are everlastingly trying to explain—the estimate put upon Jesus by men who have not bowed the knee to Him in humble loyalty. I might quote by the hour, if the time permitted and if it were fit, such words as these which I take from the pantheist Spinoza: "To know the ideal Christ, namely, the eternal wisdom of God, this alone is necessary." Or from Fichte, the atheist: "Christ did more than all philosophers in bringing heavenly morality into the hearts and homes of men. Until the end of time all the sensible will bow low before this Jesus of Nazareth, and all will humbly acknowledge the exceeding glory of this great phenomenon. His followers are nations and generations."

I will not multiply citations. Let me just refer you to two of the greatest men of letters of the nineteenth century, or perhaps of any other century, most influential upon the minds of young men by their marvelous intellectual power, the one in Germany, the other throughout the English-speaking world. Let me refer you to them, and tell you in a word what they said about Him—Goethe and Carlyle. Goethe said of Him: "That Holy One, the model of humanity." Carlyle said of Him: "His life was a perfect ideal poem." And toward the close of his unique book on "Heroes and Hero Worship," after going up and down the ages to find the great characters whom he describes as the heroes of the world, he solemnly says: "The greatest of all heroes shall be nameless here: let sacred silence meditate that sacred matter." You see how this amazing personality has forced Himself upon the thought of the kings of the intellectual world.

But some say, "This is by His moral majesty and pre-eminence;" and carelessly assume that intellectually the man Christ Jesus was not at the head of the race. I think that some really have believed that intellectually He was not the peer of the foremost philosophers and statesmen and warriors. Well, then, think for a moment of this—that His

words dominate the world. Yet He never wrote a book or a letter that we know anything about. He wrote only in the dust, yet His words more and more dominate the world. In particular, in illustration of the unique and peerless intellectual character and power of the man Christ Jesus, let me ask you to note these things; that, on the instant, He always answered with perfect wisdom every most puzzling question propounded to Him; that in these answers and in other sententious sayings He went to the very roots of all moral character and conduct and laid down principles in casuistry good for all time; and that, in germ at least, His moral and religious teaching was absolutely complete.

Of the first, take a single illustration. There are many; for again and again the scribes, Pharisees, and Church lawyers tried to catch Him in His talk. They would study for days and weeks for some puzzling question to overpower this new prophet and throw discredit on Him. Here is one specimen. They had talked it over; they had got their best; they felt that they had what would certainly win the day, when they came to Him with every token of external respect and said to Him, "Master, is it lawful to give tribute to Cæsar, or no?" Now they have Him, as they think. He will have to say "Yes"

or "No" to that. If He says "Yes," He is the enemy of Judea and of the Jews; for they esteem this tribute the sign of their national subjection; they hate it and they hate the Roman Empire. If He says "No," He is the enemy of Cæsar; it is treason to say "No," and Cæsar will have to make an example of Him. They have Him, they think. "Show me a penny." They hand Him a Roman denarius, the copper coin in everybody's hand. "Whose image and superscription is this?" "Cæsar's." Everybody knows that; that is the face of the emperor; Cæsar's. "Render therefore unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's." Thus He declared forever that human government is a divine institution, and that when even Nero is on the throne a man owes the religious duty of obedience to law; so that mob rule is not only impolitic and bad, but wicked before God; so that order must be maintained in every community, and rioting is rebellion not only against the governor, but against God. Yet He proclaimed forever that when the dominion of conscience and of God begin, the dominion of the civil ruler ends. There is not a wiser, there is not a shrewder answer in all history.

Take two events that occurred in the life of

Peter, in illustration of my second thought at this point. Peter, when Jesus predicted His coming decrease at Jerusalem by crucifixion, said, "Be it far from Thee, Lord: this shall not be unto Thee." And Jesus said, "Get thee behind Me, Satan." And you are startled, and wonder how those words could ever have proceeded from the holy lips of the Son of God. Then again, when this same Peter, Jesus being before the Sanhedrin for trial, denies Him three times with oath and curse right in the presence of His enemies, Jesus simply turns on him a loving and pitying look of heart-breaking tenderness—and that is all. You wonder at both these things. But you must remember that Peter's first sin was a sin of selfishness, wishing for a worldly kingdom, refusing to accept Jesus as He was, as about to be crucified; and the other was the sin of a blundering, used-up, weak, broken-down, but zealous devotee. Now, for that first class of sins Jesus has nothing but wrath; and for the second He has nothing but pity. And both times the Man of Nazareth was profoundly and eternally right.

Take one more illustration of the same sort. To the most respectable religionists of the day, who wore long robes and made great pretensions and prayed at the street corners, He pours out in one long

chapter wrath and cursing, the very climax of human execration. No language has a page that can equal it on that line. "Whited sepulchers," "generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" Yet, for those outrageous sinners who stood right around His cross and had been spitting on Him and buffeting Him, He prayed, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." But note again, the sin of the first class was the sin of persistent and intelligent hypocrisy; for that Jesus has nothing but wrath, and never has had. And the other was the sin of blundering, ignorant, weak sinners; and for such He has nothing but pity. Now, I say, both times, and every time, and in all things, He is supremely right.

His answers were also always on the instant. Questions the most familiar are brought before your courts of justice. They are taken up from the lower courts to the courts of appeal, and the judges know what is coming, and have considered it beforehand. They hear arguments; and then they take the briefs and all the papers, and say, "Decision reserved;" and in two or three weeks or months you will get their opinions. Jesus Christ, on the instant, answered every question, and never once blundered.

In illustration of His intellectual character and

power, note also the absolute completeness of the moral and religious teaching which He Himself gave or to which He inspired His apostles; so that I make bold to say that, while Biblical theology is a progressive science, in the sense that it is constantly better and better understood, and in no other, you have in the Bible, and especially in the New Testament, all moral and religious teaching, at least in distinct germ; so that in eighteen hundred years the busy, thinking world has not added to these lines of truth the dot of an "i" or the cross of a "t."

I name as the second proof of the intellectual peerlessness of the man Christ Jesus, the effects of His life and work in the world. I can not pause to discuss this point; but let me just say that if you will think of these two things, the transformation of the cross from the instrument of a death as disgraceful then as a hangman's rope is now, until it has become a thing of glory forever, and then will think of the growing sweetness of His blessed name in all lands, so that it is sung more and more in all languages, you will be on the line of what I would like to say. But I pass it. He was, then, first, a man; and, secondly, the most wonderful man of whom history has made any record.

3. Now I go on, in the third place, to say he was

a miraculous man. He was born miraculously. He had a human mother; and He had no human father. He died miraculously. And yet He was murdered. He was delivered by God to the will of wicked men. They were responsible for His murder. He did not die by suicide. And yet He was able to say, "I can lay down My life and I can take it again; no man taketh it from Me." And He "gave up the ghost."

He also rose miraculously. Yes, He did! He did! O blessed Easter, just behind us and always around and before us! He rose miraculously. The Church can afford to say this with all emphasis, more than once a year, and in every form of statement; for here is the hinge of Christianity. On this it turns. The most logical of the apostles, from whom I just now quoted, and one of the masters of philosophic logic for all ages, says if He did not rise there is no Christianity, there is no pardon of sin, there is no salvation, there is no immortal life, the dead in Christ have perished. Yes, right here is the bulwark of the Christian faith. And so we say with confidence concerning this miraculous man, "He rose miraculously."

I heard, a few years ago, from President Patton, of Princeton College, a striking lecture on the subject of "doubt," in the course of which he presented

the familiar line of thought that only the truths of pure mathematics can be mathematically demonstrated, not even those of mixed mathematics, or of the natural sciences; that all other truths except these submit to what we call the moral argument; that is, the accumulation of probabilities until there is no room left in a sane mind for serious doubt. That is the way you prove the law of gravitation, and the undulatory theory of light, and every other fact, Christian or unchristian. Only this line of moral demonstration applies to facts. And when Dr. Patton had worked out that line of thought sufficiently, he said, "Of course the resurrection of Jesus comes under this line of proof, and not under mathematical demonstration." Of course it does. And yet the sane mind may reach the demonstration so as to rest upon it with absolute certainty. And he used this illustration: "What if the train that has carried you a thousand miles does leave you half a mile from your door? You will get home; your journey is accomplished." And then, toward the close of the lecture, admitting, as we cheerfully do concerning every fact, as we must with regard to the resurrection of Christ, that there is a possibility for a sane mind to deny it by failing to attend to the evidence, while he can not deny that twice three are six, he

went on to say: "What about the last half mile?" Then he solemnly said, with a manner and a gesture that I can neither imitate nor forget, "The Holy Ghost takes you the last half mile." And I inwardly said, O shade of John Wesley, come up from the dead and say Amen to this typical Calvinist of this generation.

"We are His witnesses of these things," said Peter. Of what, Peter? "Of the resurrection of Jesus from the dead; witnesses that He has given us repentance and remission of sins. We are His witnesses; we tell the story; we know it to be true." How do you know it to be true, Peter? "We are His witnesses of these things, and so is also the Holy Ghost, whom God hath given to them that obey Him." That ends the question. Argument has taken us the thousand miles, under the guidance and inspiration of the blessed Holy Ghost; and the blessed Holy Ghost alone takes us the last half mile, and we get to demonstration.

Jesus Christ has risen from the dead. Somebody says to me, "How do you know it?" I reverently answer, "Because I have met Him this morning." "I live, yet not I; Christ liveth in me. And the life which I now live, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me." I

sympathize with the striking words of Martin Luther, "If any man knocks at the door of my breast and says, 'Who lives there?' my prompt answer is, 'Jesus Christ lives here; Martin Luther died years ago.'"

Now I think I am prepared to make and vindicate a sweeping statement as to the vast field which still opens before us.

You have seen that Christ is a man, the most marvelous man of whom history makes mention, and a miraculous man. The best beloved disciple, who leaned on Jesus' breast at the Last Supper, doubtless caught, better than any other had done, the rhythmic cadence of that agonized heart which was just about to break on the cross for the sins of the world; and after that broken heart had been healed forever by resurrection power, that same disciple told the purpose of the infinite tragedy: "Many other signs truly did Jesus in the presence of His disciples, which are not written in this book: but these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through His name."

Led thus by John, I now go on to say, Jesus is *more than man*; He is *very God*; He is *an Almighty*

Savior. The Christian postulate stands revealed before us, and I once more appeal to my witnesses.

First, to Tacitus. Now, what does he say? He says that within thirty-five years of the alleged crucifixion of Jesus Christ, when Rome was burned, there was a sect of people called Christians after the name of Christ, who had been crucified in Judea under the reign of Pontius Pilate. And there were so many of them that they spread from Jerusalem (when there were no railroads) to all the Roman Empire, and had filled the city. And Nero, having himself set Rome on fire, charged the burning of the city on the Christians, and seized them and put them to death with every refinement of cruelty. A great many confessed that they were of that sect. Others were discovered by them. And he says it was "a vast multitude." And they were put to death. They were clad in shirts of pitch and set up in the Roman parks and set on fire to give light by night; they were crucified; they were thrown to wild beasts; until public compassion execrated Nero as a monster acting from malice. Now, how did there come to be those people there called Christians? And how did they come to have this spirit about their Christian profession? And how did they come to be ready and willing to die for it? What sort of

person was Jesus Christ whose name they took as their name? What force must have acted upon these people and made them willing to rush to their death rather than bring any discredit on the name of this man of Judea who, only thirty-five years ago, was Himself crucified in Jerusalem? But the conclusion is too plain. I need not draw it. I need not name it. It is enough for me to say in the language of Carlyle: "In good truth, my friends, men never have died for a fable."

Well, look at another of our lines of proof, the epistles of Paul; those wonderful letters. Whose letters? Paul's. Who was he? A hater of this religion, a despiser of Jesus Christ, a great man, a glorious man, a king of intellect, hating the Christian religion, a successful persecutor who asked for and obtained a commission to arrest and bring to trial all the Christians in Damascus. On that Damascus journey something marvelous happened. He declares he was made "a new creature," and his name was changed from Saul to Paul. *He instantly* became the humblest servant of Jesus Christ, and for thirty years gloried in his new bondage as perfect freedom.

Read his epistles and see what he says about Jesus Christ. Charnock says that the dear Name comes

from Paul's pen five hundred times; and if you glance at Galatians, you find such words as these: "Paul, an apostle, not of men, neither by man, but by Jesus Christ;" "Grace be unto you, and peace, from God the Father and from our Lord Jesus Christ: to whom be glory for ever and ever;" "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live; yet not I, Christ liveth in me;" "Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free;" "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." Now, who was He who made such a rejoicing, triumphant bondslave out of this king in the thought world?

Then, look again at the four great biographies. I said just now that Jesus never wrote a book or a letter, but just wrote in the dust, what was quickly gone. But men heard Him, and were transformed by His words, and wrote them down; and those words are ruling the world more and more. Notice that at the very top of a climax of your orators, a Daniel Webster, a William E. Gladstone, a John Bright, some word of Jesus Christ is likely to come to cap the climax and end the argument. Notice that in the very climax of your loftiest possible music, in the oratorio, some word of Jesus Christ

dashes from the mountain peaks of human song to the heavens.

And then, take one more thought out of these four Gospels. Jesus says that He wrought miracles. Where does He say that? When John the Baptist said through his messengers, "Art Thou He that should come, or must we look for another?" (that is the Greek of it, "*Must we look for another?*") he said: "Go tell John again the things that ye do hear and see." John is in prison; he is used up; he is overpowered. No longer baptizing men by the ten thousand, he is in a fit of discouragement. Go, tell him what you have just heard here. Tell him that the lepers are cleansed, the lame walk, the deaf hear, the blind see, the dead are raised up, the poor have the Gospel preached unto them. That is, Go tell John again that I am working miracles all along the line, by the thousand.

Jesus, then, said that He wrought miracles. Now, He either did or He did not. If He did, He is what He professes to be, the Son of God, the very God, the world's Redeemer. Language fails in attempting to tell the glory of Jesus Christ if what He says about Himself in the New Testament is

true. Well, it is true if He wrought miracles; and He either did work them or He did not. If He did, He is very God. If He did not—now listen to this alternative—if He did not, then one of these two things is true—my Lord, pardon me for saying these words just long enough to trample them under my feet—if He did not, then He is either an impostor or a fanatic; one of the two.

An impostor! The infidel world forbids you to say that any more. There is no living Tom Paine who dares say that. I have quoted the atheist and the pantheist. He is not an impostor! He is the truth! And the world has come to understand that. Well, then, fanatic? Have not we just seen that He had the clearest intellect in all history? That He got at the truth without any argument over it? Fanatic? A man with crazed brain? No, He was what He said He was. He was what He inspired John to write that He was. And at the end of the last of the four Gospels, in giving an account of the resurrection miracles and appearances, John said, "Many other things did Jesus which are not written in this book." Do not think they all are set down here. But "these are written that ye may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that,

believing, ye may have life through His name." That is, John says that the record proves that Jesus is Divine, and is the Almighty and life-giving Savior.

One more word, turning to the fourth of the witnesses, Christianity. We have seen what Tacitus's words prove, what Paul's epistles prove, what the four great biographies prove. Now turn to Christianity itself, and interrogate that for a moment; we can do no more this morning. About the year 753 after the founding of the city of Rome, there was the spectacle of what Gibbon, greatest of historians, in his majestic book concerning the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," describes as "a sinking world." And that it was. The old civilization was moribund and almost dead, and the human race on the certain road to destruction. So Gibbon says, and all historians have to say it. So Juvenal, the contemporaneous satirist, says, declaring: "There will be nothing further which posterity may add to our evil manners. Every vice stands already at its topmost summit." And Matthew Arnold writes concerning the same time:

"On that hard pagan world disgust
And secret loathing fell;
Deep weariness and sated lust
Made human life a hell."

And this was the world in the eighth century after the founding of Rome. And then, slowly and heavily, that old civilization turned on its hinges and the world began to have a better hope; and for eighteen hundred years, with varying success, it has been slowly turning to the light. What brought this about? The two hinges of this revolution were the grave of Joseph of Arimathea and the cross of Calvary. Jesus Christ was born and talked as we have seen, and lived as we have seen, and died as we have seen, and rose as we have seen. For eighteen hundred years Christianity has been the life-bringer to the nations of the world, and Christianity is hurrying forward in its conquests. You think it is slow; but, compared with every other century, during the last it has been so rapid that it seems as though the wheels of the chariot of salvation might catch fire in the speed of their flight. The past century has seen nations turning to God, Japan adopting the Christian calendar, so that now every edict that goes forth from its emperor begins *Anno Domini*. And soon, soon—my Lord, let it not be long—this round world, over every part, shall take up songs of praise to its rightful Lord and King.

Now, beloved, what think ye of Christ? Whose

Son is He? Who is He? I wish I could call the witnesses. John the Baptist, what thinkest thou of Christ? "Behold, the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." John, beloved apostle, what thinkest thou of Christ? "We beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." Paul, greatest of apostles and greatest of men, what thinkest thou of Christ? "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ."

And if I could take the later apostles, I should be glad to do that. Jonathan Edwards, head of New England Calvinism, what thinkest thou of Christ? Hear him answer (and it was on this text he was converted), "Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honor and glory for ever and ever. Amen." Do you know why he was converted on that? Because it comes just after this—the stern Calvinist had just read, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." John Wesley, what thinkest thou of Christ? I would like to give you twenty things from Wesley; but at the last the dear old saint, lying on his death-bed, repeated:

"I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me."

I would like to call the poets. Toplady, what thinkest thou of Christ?

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.”

Charles Wesley, sweetest of all singers, next after David to be leader of the heavenly choir (as I think), what thinkest thou of Christ?

“Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
More than all in thee I find.”

Perronet, bird of a single song, but O how sweet! what thinkest thou of Christ?

“All hail the power of Jesus’ name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.”

O, I wish I could draw the veil and get answer from the white-robed company around the throne, if they could listen to us for a moment—“What think ye of Christ?” I know their song. Would that we might hear them sing it now as we shall in the near to-morrow when we shall join them: “Now unto Him that hath loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us to be kings and priests unto God the Father, to Him be glory,

and honor, and blessing, and power for ever and ever."

And if we could draw the veil and might hear and take in the whole range of the heavenly choir,

"Where saints and angels, joined in concert,
Hymn the praises of the Lamb,"

we would hear them sing, for John heard it and told us: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing."

O beloved, what think ye of Christ? I challenge you one by one to give answer. At the first dawn of this morning the light stole in at my window and wakened me. And I began to revolve in my mind the outlines of this train of thought which I have just laid before you. Before I knew it, I found myself singing again and again,

"Farewell, mortality, Jesus is mine;
Welcome, eternity, Jesus is mine."

My friends, can you say from the heart this morning, "Jesus is mine! Jesus is mine!" Can you? Can you? God help us to say it until Jesus shall say to us, face to face, "Thou art Mine!"

IV.

OUR CRISIS.

(PENNSYLVANIA STATE METHODIST CONVENTION,
HARRISBURG, PA., OCTOBER 23, 1900.)

"Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"—ESTHER IV, 14.

THE name of God is not in the Book of Esther, but the hand of God is. In this respect, this book is quite like the book of nature and the book of Providence, neither of which declares the Ineffable Name, both of which are full of demonstrations of the presence of the Almighty Person. It is to me an exceedingly interesting and instructive fact that the latest developments of philosophic research have more and more laid stress on the presence—the omnipresence, the omnipresent agency—of a personal God in the realms of nature and of history. Read the writings of John Fiske, whose skepticism will often startle you, and you will find, especially in his later books, that they abound in positive, demonstrative, eloquent

declarations of the immanence of God in nature and of the omnipresence of God in all history, reminding you of the inspiring words of the ancient prophet, "The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to show Himself strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward Him."

I know not where you can find, either in the Bible or anywhere else, clearer proof of the presence of God, of the working of God without miracles, through the most trivial incidents, and especially through human beings, than in this Book of Esther. How does it come to pass that King Ahasuerus, when the fate of the Jewish race was trembling in the balance, should select as queen, in place of the deposed and discarded Vashti, a Jewish maiden? How does it come to pass that just at the very time when the destiny of that people must be determined and events were conspiring speedily to lead to their inevitable destruction, "on that night could not the king sleep?" It may have been a mosquito that kept him awake; it may have been too hearty a banquet the night before. And how did it come to pass that, not knowing how to entertain himself on that sleepless night, he should call in one of his servants to read the chronicles of the kingdom? Dry reading, one would think. How did it

happen that just the passage in the chronicles should then be read which told that Mordecai, the Jew, had discovered and frustrated a plot for the assassination of the king, and had had the two conspirators hanged? And that when the king asked if anything had been done to reward this man who had saved his life, just then, when he wanted to call one of his chief courtiers to do honor to Mordecai, in the vestibule of the king's court was Haman, who had erected for Mordecai a gallows fifty cubits high, and that Haman should be commanded to go and pass through the city leading a richly caparisoned horse, on which Mordecai should sit to receive honor from all the people? This book wonderfully demonstrates God's omnipresent power in behalf of his own cause; and that he can now, and could then, in that age, when miracles were not infrequent, work out His magnificent designs without miracles, but by the most trivial incidents and by the agency of human beings.

Mordecai seems to me like another Abraham, believing in God in spite of all appearances. This very impressive incident is told concerning him in Jewish legend. The Jewish writers say that Mordecai sent word to Esther that as he was going home the night before in great heaviness because of Haman's plot,

he met three Jewish children coming from school and asked them what they had learned that day. The first answered: "Be not afraid of sudden fear." (Prov. iii, 25.) The second: "Take counsel together and it shall come to nought." (Isaiah viii, 10.) The third: "I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry, and will deliver you." (Isaiah xli, 4.) And Mordecai said: "O, the goodness of God, who out of the mouths of babes and sucklings ordains strength." His firm faith in God in spite of all appearances is manifest in his message to Esther: "For if thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time, then shall there enlargement and deliverance arise to the Jews from another place; but thou and thy father's house shall be destroyed: and who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"

This is, as briefly as I could state it, the historic setting of the text, which seems to me so proper for this hour. The destiny of the Jewish nation is trembling in the balance. God delivers His people through the agency of the timid, but at last brave, queen aroused by this startling challenge: "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" There have been very many crises in the history of the world, and I shall not

stop even to suggest a few of the greatest of them. Let me ask you to consider with me the world crisis through which we are now passing. The human race has been climbing for sixty centuries, nineteen of them since the Savior came; in the main on an ascending track, now and then cut by deep, broad gulches; sometimes across arid valleys; but on the whole, upward, upward to many a hilltop of lofty observation and magnificent prospect; but such a height of elevation and of outlook upon its history and its destiny as the human race now occupies has never been reached before. Standing so near, only three months from the very ridge between the centuries, let us endeavor to get some sense of what the meaning and import of this crisis is.

I shall have occasion to ask you to consider our *inheritance*, our *perils* and our *possibilities*. How immensely richer the world is because of certain individuals who have lived in it! Abraham, Moses, Socrates, Paul, Galileo, Susannah Wesley, Florence Nightingale, Fulton, Watt, Newton, Luther, Cromwell, Washington, Lincoln; and "what shall I more say?" I can cull but one little cluster from the imperishable roll of the world's great benefactors. How immensely the race has been gaining through the crises which occurred when these persons lived,

and by the influence which they poured forth into civilization for the uplift of the world. The closing century has been pre-eminently an era of progress in many lands; progress in things material, intellectual, moral, scientific, literary, educational, naval, military, governmental. I know these terms overlap, but all of them and many more are necessary to set forth the vast and multitudinous progress of the recent age.

I. First let us consider *our inheritance*. "Other men labored, and we have entered into their labors." I can not now attempt to mention the particulars or even to suggest the main phases of the amazing and immeasurably important material and moral progress of the world. There is no time for that. I can hardly even allude to certain things on these lines which stand so closely related to our religious progress that they seem almost a part of it, such as the steam engine, the telegraph, agricultural machinery, and the printing-press. A great many things are at the very roots of the development of the civilization and morals and religions of the world. I pass them by, however, and ask you to give attention especially to the religious progress of the world, especially in this century, so near the close of which we stand—comparing slightly here and there with the centuries that have gone before.

"Watchman, what of the night?" That is our question, and we sang it just now in our hymn of faith and hope. "The morning cometh." That is the watchman's answer. It is not without mists; not without glooms; but "the morning cometh." How welcome is the morning; how beautiful is the morning! Have you been at sea, tossing in your restless berth away on into the hours of night, listening, listening; and then have you heard a voice calling back, to your great relief and comfort, "Eight bells, and all's well?" How welcome is the morning! But the pessimist says: "Morning? There is no morning. Night sits on the throne, and eternal darkness is at hand. The world has gone to the bad. Politics are corrupt. The morals of the people go from worse to worst. Religion is losing its hold." Well, if that be true, there must be a dreadful mistake somewhere, for I hear Solomon say: "The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." I hear David say: "Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and Thy dominion endureth throughout all generations." I hear Isaiah cry: "He shall not fail nor be discouraged, till He have set judgment in the earth: and the isles shall wait for His law." At length I hear the angels sing: "I bring you glad tidings of great

joy, which shall be to all people. Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will to men," and I hear Jesus say: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." O, pessimist, you must excuse me if I accept the word of Solomon, and of David, and of Isaiah, and of the angels, and of Jesus, rather than your word. "*The morning cometh!*"

I must ask you to glance at the progress of the kingdom in respect to its length and breadth; that is, the territorial extent of Christianity in the earth. The length and breadth of the kingdom are full of encouragement to us. Go back a little; you need not go back very far, and consider what, in the times of the oldest man here present, was the case in the heathen world. Not very long since in India there came a change of the rule which had lasted for eight hundred years under Mohammedan princes—sixty-five of them—many of whom were the most bloodthirsty wretches that ever sat on thrones, and who might each be described by the words of Thomas Moore:

"One of that saintly murderous brood,
To carnage and the Koran given,
Who think through unbelievers' blood
Lies the directest road to heaven."

There came a change. It came slowly, but it has effectually come, and now the flag of a Christian nation waves all over India, as the symbol of the best government India has ever had. Missionary societies of many lands have gone there, and their work is successful. Our own Church has among those most degraded of heathen 90,000 Methodist communicants and 125,000 Sunday-school scholars.

It is only a little while since Japan was utterly closed to the gospel, and after the terrible butchery of the Roman Catholic propagandists and the extermination of that form of Christianity, this edict went forth: "So long as the sun shall warm the earth, let no Christian be so bold as to come to Japan, and let all know that the king of Spain himself, or the Christian's God, or the great God of all, if He violate this command, shall pay for it with His head." But it was impossible that shipwrecked sailors of a great nation like ours should be put to death on desolate coasts without effective protest. Civilization must assert the right of God's children to live on any coast on which they are cast; and so three of our warships crossed the ocean and entered the harbor of Yokohama (I have been on the very spot); and Commodore Perry in 1853, on a Sunday

morning, spread the flag over his capstan and laid the Bible on it, and gathered his officers and crew around him, and they sang together :

“ All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice,
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.”

And there was no need to fire any guns; the flag sufficed. Hospitality was given to American sailors, and Japan was born anew almost in a day, and now stands side by side with our country and all Europe in demanding indemnity for the murder of Christians in China! Christianity has spread until now the proposition scarcely needs any modification that the whole world is open to the gospel, and the gospel is going into all the world.

I can not pause longer on the territorial progress of the kingdom, but let us look at its numerical progress. Now I know very well that some doctrinaires attempt to show that civilization has made the changes I am going to speak of, and rather than argue with them I just quote the words of two men, certainly neither of them religious bigots, and both of them great thinkers, Mr. Froude and Mr. Carlyle. Mr. Froude says: “All that we call modern civilization in a sense which deserves the name is the

visible expression of the transforming power of the gospel." Mr. Carlyle says: "The Christian religion must ever be regarded as the crowning glory, or rather the life and soul, of our whole modern culture." These renowned authors are profound, philosophic students of history. Let me, then, in the light of such characterization, give you just a glance and hint at the numerical progress of the Christian religion. I speak now of its adherents, not of communicants alone of Christian Churches, but of those who believe in Christianity rather than in some other religion. The figures I give you are believed to be substantially accurate: At the end of the first century there were five million Christian believers; at the end of the tenth, fifty millions; at the end of the fifteenth, one hundred millions; at the end of the eighteenth, two hundred millions; at the end of the nineteenth, five hundred millions; so that the number has more than doubled within a century. Did you hear that statement? The number of people on this earth who profess their belief in Christianity has more than doubled within a century. Still further, one-third of the world's population governs two-thirds of its people; it is the Christian nations which are the brainy nations, the wealthy nations,

the ruling nations, the progressive nations of the world.

Let us glance at the wealth of the world. I shall not be misunderstood by this company. Isaiah tells of the glorious day when the gold and the silver are to be brought to Jesus' feet; and there is an important sense in which money constitutes the sinews of our holy war, as well as of the unholy wars which desolate the nations. The wealth of the world is said to be thus divided, according to the latest census: France, forty billions of dollars; Great Britain and Ireland, forty-five billions of dollars; the United States, sixty billions of dollars. The two great Protestant nations are by far the wealthiest nations on the face of the earth; and if their resources are consecrated they can take the world for Jesus Christ. Then as to the countries professing the Christian faith. The Greek Church countries have thirty billions of dollars; Roman Catholic countries, ninety-five billions; Protestant countries, one hundred and fifty billions. Within the last four days I have noticed a statement just published by the Comptroller of the United States concerning the savings bank deposits in this country, which runs thus: There are in the United States 5,600,000 depositors in savings banks; the deposits amount to

\$2,400,000,000; more than \$400 each. These are the savings of the poor. And what is still more startling to me is the fact that within one year the increase in the number of depositors in the United States is 300,000, and the increase in deposits is \$174,000,000, the average being \$580 each. To say nothing of the rich, if we could secure one-tenth of what the poor have deposited in savings banks within three years, that one-tenth would yield twice over the twenty millions wanted for our Twentieth-century Fund! The resources of the United States alone, if only they could be baptized with the Holy Ghost and let loose, are enough to save the world, so far as money is concerned, as quickly as men could be got to bear the message into all lands.

Concerning religious progress in the United States, a few words. What is the religious population of the United States; that is, communicants multiplied by three (many say three and one-half). Protestants, forty-nine millions; Roman Catholics, nine millions; non-Christians, six millions; that is, according to the census of 1890. What is the growth in Protestant Church members? Here is a new proposition. Is there a substantial and large growth, or are secularity and irreligion going to swamp the Church? In the year 1800, seven and a half per cent

of the population of the United States were members of Protestant Churches; in 1850, fifteen per cent; 1890, twenty-two and one-half per cent. In the first year of this century one person in fourteen of the population was a Church member. Now one in four and one-half. The records show this. The progress has simply been immense. As to our own Church (for I must pause a moment there now); we have had our anxieties, many of them deserved, some excessive. I want to say that the skies are clearing; that the bugle-blasts of the twentieth century forward movement have been listened to by a glad and responsive and consecrating Church, and a steady gain has begun. But, we are told, there is a great deal of indifference and a great deal of unbelief in the Churches. Some deny the Deity of the Son of God. Some proclaim universal salvation, and men sleep on in their sins. Well, now, how many do you suppose, over against the six millions of Methodist communicants and the five millions of Baptist communicants in this country—how many do you suppose are members of Unitarian Churches? Their records show 67,700. How many Universalists? 49,194.

It is not possible for me now to attempt any elaborate statement whatever of those moral re-

sources in ideas ascertained and made strong in the minds of men, which are in force and underlie these facts concerning the progress of the kingdom. I will not attempt any such elaboration. But allow me just to give you a hint at what my notes would lead me to say if I had the time.

We have for our encouragement not only a vast array of facts, as incontestable as the law of gravitation or the granite foundations of the globe; we have also an immense treasury of ideas and forces. Of these I can only glance at a few: enthusiasm for the truth; the fullness of the dispensation of the Holy Spirit; the demonstrated power of the gospel to save men of all races, climes, and grades of intellectual culture; the recent very glowing and now magnificent apprehension by the world at large of the glory of the personality of Jesus Christ, and the pre-eminence accorded Him in all theological belief and in all moral ideals of men who have any faith about religion at all; the multiplication of Bibles, so that in a single year more have been set going in the world than existed in the first year of this century; the rise and wonderful out-march of the Sunday-school; the multiplication of religious literature; the numerous Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, and of Young People's Soci-

eties in almost all branches of the Church, and the magnificent and growing recognition of the work of women in the Church, and in philanthropy and moral reform. These are hints at the resources, in ideas and in demonstrated truths, which are now the solid foundations of the whole work and outmarch of the Christian Church. So much for our inheritance.

II. Much more briefly concerning *our perils*. Here I had meant to elaborate and enlarge, and to say sundry things that are very deep in my convictions; but I shall content myself by just naming a few things as to our perils: Wrong relations of capitalists and wage-earners, including two great evils—the corrupting influence of exaggerated and misused wealth, and the misdirection and anarchistic excitement of the aspirations of working men; the gradual tendency toward the destruction of the Sabbath as a day of rest and of worship; the steady growth and present enormous influence of Satan's imperial guard—the liquor power; the undermining of reverence for the Book of God proceeding from several causes, among which I name the destructive influence of the higher criticism, the decay of the family altar, and the substitution of lesson leaves for the very Book of God itself in the Sunday-

school; the dilution of spiritual power in the Church resulting largely from the immense material prosperity, which has, in many cases, choked the Word, and partly from the multitude of unconverted Church members carelessly brought into our ranks by the easy respectability which thus comes to them, and often through the influence of rosewater evangelists who make no effective appeals to the conscience and awaken in the minds of men no deep and alarming sense of the awful guilt and pollution of sin and the peril of the eternal punishment of sin; political corruption, which makes the primaries an utter travesty of the idea of the influence of the people in popular government; the increasing and destructive power of political bosses and the corruption of legislation and of the courts by methods no more defensible than open bribery; the menace of the Church and even of civilization itself by the heterogenous criminal and vicious population of our large cities; the secularization to some extent, let us frankly confess, of the ministry and of the Church, so that by the "best appointments" is too often meant those which pay the largest salaries, and not those which afford the best opportunities for hard and rewarding work for the Master. This enumeration might be multiplied; but, for lack of time, I can not elaborate even

what I have thus said in barest outline. These seem to me some of the greatest perils which confront the Church on the eve of the opening century.

III. Now I must turn to *our possibilities*. There is a physiological philosophy of history which tells us that nations, like individuals, must pass through the regular course of birth, youth, manhood, mature age, decay, and death. That doleful philosophy had as its foremost American exponent Dr. John W. Draper. There are facts of history that seem to justify it. Where are the nations that have been? How many nations now on the earth have stood a thousand years? It is easy for the pessimist to make an argument along this line, and to show the probable truth of the philosophy of Dr. Draper; but is there no better hope for humanity and for the nations and for the Church in the midst of the nations? I think there is, and I soberly look to see the Stars and Stripes and the Royal Cross of St. George float aloft, honored in every land and on every sea until they perish amid the wreck of all things terrestrial in the fires of the last day! And how dare I entertain such a hope as that? Ten righteous men would have saved Sodom. Ten million righteous men can save America and can save England. God has not forsaken His throne. There is many a Mordecai

ready to cry in the darkest hour "deliverance shall come," if not through you, then through some other; and I venture to-day to quote the words of one whose name has long been, and for many an age will be, a glory in our Church and in our land. Some of you heard him say it long ago—our venerated Bishop Simpson: "If God means the salvation of this world He can not spare the United States of America."

O, the possibilities which are before us! Standing at the end of the century so full of demonstrations of God's presence in the world; and, in spite of all its faults and sins, marked by progress so magnificent on all lines, material, moral, and religious; and looking forth into a century in which the forces of good and evil must be in tremendous conflict, what a vision dawns before my eyes!—for I believe in God and in His most Holy Word, and that the time hastens when the glory of God shall fill the whole earth as the waters cover the sea. Who can at all surmise what developments the growing kingdom of the only rightful King may speedily have in the realms of government? I was told out in Indiana only a few months ago, when there were five candidates for governor before the people, that every man of them was a member of some Christian

Church, and that three of them were Methodists; and that in Indiana no party dares to put up a man for high office who is not either a member of a Christian Church or at least positively respectful to the Christian religion. I tell you the day will come (for prophecy is a part of God's history) when "kings shall be the nursing fathers and queens the nursing mothers" of the Church; when demagogues shall have had their day, and righteous men who fear God shall be in the high places of power. And then in the relations between capital and labor, and in the necessity of such readjustment in this quarter that men shall think more of their duties than of their rights, and shall remember that, high or low, rich or poor, men are brothers, and that every man is his brother's keeper; what possibilities of service lie before the Christian Church! Then in respect to what I have denominated Satan's imperial guard—the liquor power. O, brothers, it is not simply a matter of prayer and of wish! It is a matter in many a heart of prophecy that the day will come (because it ought to come and must come) when divinely led, perhaps in paths that we now know not, the friends of order, and of law, and of morality, and of temperance, and of Jesus Christ, shall somehow be banded together to give the death-stroke to this mightiest

minion of Satan among men. So in literature, so in commerce, and so in science, the kingdom is working on with its saving leaven.

The only question is, How soon? My faith takes wing, not alone here on this platform this morning; it has done so hundreds of times in private prayer and in my meditation on the great things of the kingdom. My faith takes wing and says, the resources are so ample; the wealth within the Christian Church now is so great, if only it were consecrated for the work God has for it to do; the real deep sentiments and beliefs and lives of Christian people are now so mighty, if they could come to the front and assert themselves always and not be overpowered by the chill of sin and of unbelief; the resources of intellectual culture through the schools and colleges are so great; the whole ecclesiastical machinery for the world's salvation is now so very abundant and magnificent, that often and often my faith has taken wing, as it does now, and declares, if only these appliances could have a new baptism of the Pentecost the millennium might come in a decade.

O, ye Methodists, "who knoweth whether ye are come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" We see the grandeur of our inheritance; we see the reality and threatening character of our perils, and on

this mountain-top of observation we ought to see more clearly what our possibilities are. The world expects great things of us. We should be deeply moved by this consideration. Men expect of us soundness of doctrine, and not in vain. We have no occasion to change our creed. Our lawmakers at the General Conference examined the good ship Zion, and proposed very numerous changes and repairs; but now that she has started out for another four years' cruise she looks very much like the same ship; a new sail here and a new spar there, and not an ecclesiastical tinker was rash enough to propose any change in our doctrines. Dr. Park, of Andover Seminary, said to Dr. Ridgeway some years ago: "The Methodist Church has greater responsibility than any other religious body in this country for the maintenance of sound religious faith."

The world also expects of us a genuine, heart-felt, growing religious experience. It expects us, still further, to be among the foremost of the Churches in carrying aloft the banner of glowing and transforming evangelistic power. It expects us to proclaim salvation now and free for all, and to carry this proclamation everywhere throughout the land. I will not dwell further on the things to which we are bound by our traditions and our

history. This must suffice. It shows to me the immensity of the responsibility of Methodism, made greater by the vast number God has brought to our altars, to be in the forefront of the evangelistic movements in these United States; and to gird ourselves in this glorious time with our magnificent Church polity which is pre-eminently adapted to the movements of an army of conquest, to go forth and take this land for Jesus Christ.

But I must close. The great sculptor, Donatello, left as a priceless treasure for Florence the splendid statue of St. George. When the greatest of sculptors came to look at it all Florence was alert. There was St. George on his lofty pedestal. Michael Angelo looked at it, and looked and looked. The features seemed to him perfect, the figure faultless, the pose magnificent. His eye glowed with rapture of admiration. The crowd around waited to hear what the master would say. At last his lips opened and he quietly said, "Now, march." The marble seemed to him alive. I say to Methodism to-day, *Now, march.* O, Zion, "arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."

V.

ALL THINGS FREELY GIVEN.

(CAMP-MEETING, LAKESIDE, O., AUGUST 13, 1885.)

“He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?”—ROM. VIII, 32.

THIS is one of those great passages of Scripture which ministers frequently hesitate to put at the head of their sermons, fearing that in attempting to explain they shall weaken, and in attempting to enforce they shall mar them. If the great apostle who wrote these words were here this morning to expound them, then might you hope in good measure to understand them, for he was inspired by God; and I suppose he could now explain them a great deal better than he could have done when he first wrote them; for since that time he has had some eighteen hundred years' experience of the “all things” of which he wrote.

This is quite like another passage, namely, “If

when we were enemies we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved through His life:" another of the great arguments of this logical apostle, the sublime sense of which bursts upon the mind like a near chain of lofty mountains, and yet so simple that a Christian child can take in the chief thought of it. How can it be hoped that a preacher can explain or enforce passages of Scripture so plain and so forcible as my text, and as the parallel text I have quoted?

But I seem to be giving reasons for which I ought not to attempt to preach on this text; and yet I have chosen it because I have long since learned that whenever we dig for gold in the mines of God, we never get the whole wealth of the mine on the surface: the deeper we dig the more we get. So let us reverently inquire into the meaning of this great argument of the Apostle Paul; which suggests, first, God delivering up His Son; then the reasons God had for sparing His Son; and lastly, the irresistible argument drawn from the fact that God did not spare His Son, but delivered Him up for us all.

I. First, *God delivering up His Son.* To what? And for what?

1. To begin with, to incarnation as a man. He took our nature; not simply our flesh, our *nature*. He had a human mind, heart, will, and conscience, just as truly as a human body. You are not to think of the Lord Jesus Christ as simply the eternal Spirit inhabiting a human body for a while. He was really and truly a man in every essential of human nature, sin apart. God took our nature into eternal union with His own, so that there now sits on the throne of heaven a man; God also, but man; the God-man. The second Article of Religion in the Methodist Discipline says that in Him "two whole and perfect natures, that is to say the Godhead and manhood, were joined together in one person, never to be divided." August and majestic thought!

2. But he took this nature of ours under very lowly conditions. He was a poor man. Not a pauper; you are not to think of Him as literally begging His bread from door to door; but He was a poor man, a hard-handed workingman, a carpenter; not only the reputed son of a carpenter, but Himself a carpenter. His neighbors said about Him afterwards, "Is not this the carpenter, the Son of Mary?" They all knew Him. He had been employed for small wages building fences and barns and houses. He drove the saw and the plane and

wielded the hammer ; and, a son of toil himself, He came into the vale of humanity with like toilers, to be the poor man's friend forever. When He came to mature age and to His public ministry and began to go about preaching His own Gospel, He literally had nothing except what was given Him. He was obliged to say to one too hasty disciple who offered service without counting the cost, "Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests;" as though to say, not only the creatures that roam the surface of the earth, but those that burrow into it and those that fly about it have their appropriate homes, "but the Son of man hath not where to lay His head." He owned no house and no bed in the world which He had built. When night came He was dependent (during His public ministry) on somebody's charity for a place to sleep.

I call to mind that in my first pastoral charge in Orange County, New York, in a little country village, there came one sleety November night a timid rap at my door. When I opened the door, there stood before me a scantily clothed, poor, and half-sick young man, who piteously begged me for food and lodging. I took him in and gave him his supper and lodged him for the night. When in the morning he turned to go on his way, in the bright sunshine

of a new day, tears stood in his eyes as he thanked me for that brief hospitality; and I said to myself, "My Lord had not where to lay His head. Jesus was a homeless wanderer."

3. He was delivered up also to the special exercise of Satan's malice and of man's hate. There is a very affecting record given us by St. Mark at the beginning of his Gospel, who tells us that as Jesus came up from the waters of His baptism a voice from heaven said, "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased," and the Holy Spirit like a dove descended and rested upon Him. And the next words are these: "Immediately the Spirit driveth Him into the wilderness, and He was forty days tempted of Satan, and was with the wild beasts." Your Lord and mine in a forty days' duel with the devil, tried by every art of Satan; and then the record is, "Satan departed from Him for a season;" not for long. Again and again every arrow in Satan's quiver was shot at the heart of the holy Son of God. Men despised Him, opposed Him, hated Him; all sorts of men—the rich and the poor, the learned and the unlearned. To be sure, it is said in one place, "The common people heard Him gladly," but presently they cried, "Away with Him, away with Him; crucify Him, crucify Him!"

And even His own disciples turned against Him. O, look and see how in the last twenty-four hours before His death all bitterness was poured into His cup. Think of it; His holy ears rent by the three-fold, cursing denial of his chief apostle; his pure, peace-speaking lips blistered by the kiss of a traitor; His brow girt about with thorns; His hands which lifted off the burdens of the world, and His feet which had run everywhere on errands of compassion, nailed to the accursed cross; His great heart of love burst from within by an infinity of anguish, and riven from without by the soldier's spear.

4. Shall I say he was given up also to the wrath of God? That I may not say, for the Bible does not say that; but I may say, for this it does say, "It pleased the Lord to bruise Him. He hath put Him to grief. He hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all. The chastisement of our peace is upon Him, and by His stripes we are healed." O, when I come to this great abyss of soul-crushing agony I draw back in horror. To all this God delivered Him up.

For what? Three little words in the text tell us. O, sinners hear them! "For us all." For *us*. Not for angels, they never needed any redemption;

not for devils, they never had any redemption. For us, all this guilty race of human kind. *For* us, in our behalf, in our stead.

“He took the dying traitor’s place,
And suffered in his stead ;
For sinful man, O wondrous grace,
For sinful man He bled.”

For us *all*. Thank God for that ; for us all.

“Lord, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore ;
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.”

O, Church of God, cling to this truth, of the vicarious atonement of Jesus Christ ! It is the sheet-anchor of your hope. God delivered Him up for us all.

II. Let us now go on, in the second place, to consider *the motives God had to spare His Son* ; for unless He had such motives, and unless they were very mighty, what is the meaning of the text, “He that spared not His own Son ?” Why say that, unless He wanted to spare Him, unless He felt moved to spare Him, unless He was pressed upon by measureless motives to spare Him ? I believe that, a thousand times more earnestly than the king desired to deliver Daniel out of the lion’s den, God

longed to deliver Jesus out of this infinite shame and scorn and pain and wrath. I know that whenever we speak as to anything relating to the motives of God we must speak carefully, and not speculate wildly; but I feel very certain of three reasons for which God must have wanted to spare Jesus the horrors of Gethsemane and the agonies of Calvary.

1. First, God saw in the Lord Jesus Christ a perfectly righteous man loaded down with immeasurable wrong. How do you feel in such a case as that? Here is a man, your friend, your neighbor. You have known him for twenty years. You know him to be true, honest, just, and good, a steadfast friend, a perfectly sincere and upright man; and yet that may not certainly protect him against the arrows of calumny. At last slander begins to wag her envenomed tongue against him. False charges begin to fly,—you know not how, it is hard to trace them,—but evil reports increase until somebody comes forth and declares him to be an infamous man, and drags him into court; and there on the testimony of false witnesses, before a bribed judge and a packed jury, this man is on trial for his life. Now, does not every noble impulse command you to go to his side and prove his innocence if you possibly can? God saw in the Lord Jesus Christ a

perfectly righteous man, who had never sinned once in all His life; and yet He was charged with blasphemy, and the Jews demanded His death. Must not the holy God have longed to break in upon the scene and demonstrate the innocence of this holy man?

2. Still further, God saw in Him not only a perfectly righteous man loaded down with immeasurable wrong, but His own and His only Son, all the Son He had ever had from all eternity. Here is a thought of dignity, and a thought of dearness; the prince of the universe, and the Son of the eternal God. Let me extend my supposition. This man whom you know to be innocent, and whom wicked men have tried to ruin, is more than your friend and neighbor; he is your son. And you are not a private individual; you are the righteous king of a great realm, with absolute power. Nobody can stand against you for a moment; no judge, no jury, no army; you are an absolute monarch. And this your son, whom you know to be innocent, is on false testimony charged with high crimes, and is condemned to die. You must be more or less than man, you must be more or less than a human father, you must be more or less than the righteous king of

a mighty realm, or you will break in upon the scene and vindicate your son and punish his accusers.

3. God had one more reason for wishing to do this; He saw in Jesus Christ a humble suppliant begging earnestly to be spared? Do you note that? This, your son, accused of high crimes and perfectly innocent as you know, is being led out to die by the verdict of a court of infamous injustice and wrong, and as he nears your palace gate you are on the balcony; and as he comes by he cries out, "Father, O my Father, spare me now." O, no righteous father, having boundless power, has ever lived who would not on such an appeal instantly stop the infamous cavalcade, and deliver the righteous man, and adjudge his wicked accusers to the punishment they so richly deserve. And yet—come with me across the brook Kedron. Come out here under this dark and solemn olive shade where Jesus has gone to pray; and see Him here in sad Gethsemane, prostrate on His face on the ground, sweating great drops like blood; and hear Him cry, "O, My Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from Me." Those heavens which the raven's cry can pierce are as brass above His head. Again, and even the third time (having risen to walk about to compose Him-

self if possible), He falls flat on his face, sweating blood and crying, "Father, Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from Me." And that ear which is touched by the cry of every one of these dear little children as at night they kneel at their mother's knee saying, "Now I lay me down to sleep;"—that ear seems deaf to the cry of God's only Son, and in misery and in agony Jesus dies.

III. Now, let us look again at *the sublime argument drawn from the fact that God delivered up His only Son* to all this, in spite of all these reasons for sparing Him. What is the argument? Let the apostle state it once more. "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall he not—*how shall he not*, with Him also, freely give us all things?" What an argument! It looks to me very much as though when Paul went into this argument he did not see exactly where he was coming out; and I do not know that in saying this I say anything not perfectly consistent with his highest inspiration by the Holy Spirit. No, I think it was the Spirit that led him word by word through this argument. He seems to me to have been filling up in this chapter, until now he has got to a kind of rushing overflow, and he cries, "He that spared not His own Son but delivered Him up to all this

wrong and injustice and agony and blood and death for us all, will certainly give us"—everything we want? Away with such poverty of speech as that. Will give us earth and heaven? Away with such weak speech as that. He that hath done all this, "how shall He not, with Him, also freely give us all things?" If anybody thinks he sees anything in the way let him show it. "*How shall He not?*" He can not help Himself, and Satan can not hinder Him, and there is nothing in His way. He has given us His own Son, not as a beautiful gift of grace and love, but as a broken, bleeding sacrifice. "Now, then," says Paul, "how shall He not?" Bring out your strong reasons, ye objectors. Earth, heaven, and hell, bring out your reasons if you have any. Tell me what straw lies in the way of the eternal God pouring out everything He has for those to whom He has already given His only Son.

1. Consider how this argument must bear upon God the Father. He has given us Jesus Christ; now, so far as He is concerned, what shall He stop at? He has nothing else left so good. We are told that John Summerfield, preaching on this text, once used this very simple and homely, but very impressive illustration: "You go to a silk store and buy a valuable piece of silk, and pay for it. Do you

ever think of asking the merchant what you are to pay for the wrapping-paper and the twine? You know that these are thrown in. You never give it a thought. So," said Summerfield, "all the wealth of God's bounty on earth, all the riches of His grace to tried and suffering believers, all the garnered opulence of heaven, are only the wrappings of the infinite gift already given. They are thrown in."

There stands upon the seashore a palace. From its balcony the king is wont, after every great storm, to peer out over the sea in search of vessels in distress. One day, as the mists begin to part, he descries a frigate of the royal navy, sparless, mastless, drifting on the breakers; and above the moan of the retreating storm he hears a mighty cry for help. He sends a life-boat to the rescue, with his only son at the helm. Strong arms pull away, but presently a despairing cry comes back, "Father, let us return, we shall all perish;" but he waves his hand and shouts, "On, on to the rescue!" On they go, and bring away fifty men, and presently another fifty, and another and another, until the whole crew are safe on the king's lawns. Now this is my question: Will those poor fellows starve for lack of bread? The king has risked the life of his only son, the heir to the throne, to save them. All the sup-

plies in the palace are theirs. God risked, nay, sacrificed the life of His only Son to make our salvation possible. What will He now stop at to make it actual?

2. See how this argument must bear on God the Son. The touching record runs, "Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end," and O, how He loved them! He loved them so much that when He was about to be separated from them He took in hand to give them measureless and infinite comfort; which He did in three whole chapters of John's Gospel, the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth. They are taken up with the Savior's valedictory address, that address which begins with this: "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me." And it goes on through three long chapters,—infinite comfort, diamond after diamond, all riches of grace and consolation. I do not think there has been a believer on earth from then till now who could not find in that valedictory address comfort under all trials, help in every time of need, and a cure for all diseases.

When I read it, it is so infinitely precious that it looks to me as though there is too much of it. After a few verses I come to this: "Whatsoever

ye shall ask the Father in My name, He will give it to you." At this point I sometimes feel like shutting up the Bible and saying, Blessed Christ, go home to Thy heaven now. Thou hast toiled, struggled, and suffered here on earth thirty-three years. Now go home to Thy heaven, for hast Thou not put in my hand the key of all blessedness? With this I can unlock earth and heaven. "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My name, He will give it to you." O, I am rich enough, with this key to infinite treasures! He knows better than I; He knows how poor my faith is, how faint my prayers will be, so He goes on piling up heaps on heaps of glittering diamonds, promises of every kind, through three whole chapters.

Then, knowing how poor my prayers will be, He actually goes on after all that to pray for me Himself, in one long chapter, the seventeenth of John; which would be enough by itself even if we had not the other three. In that prayer He prays for His Church, not for the world, as He had before and would again; but not now. He says, "Father, I pray not for the world, but for them whom Thou hast given Me." And O, how He prays! He says: "Father, while I was in the world I kept them. Now I come to Thee. Father, keep

through Thine own name those that Thou has given me. Father, I pray not that Thou shouldst take them out of the world." So I conclude this world is a good place to live in for a while, else He never would have said that. He would have said, "Father, take them out of the world as soon as they are converted, and bring them to heaven." He did not say that. He said: "Father, let them alone: I pray not that Thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldst keep them from evil. Father, sanctify them through Thy truth. Thy Word is truth." How glad I am He prayed that! "Father, make them all one, in order that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me."

Then He goes on and says it over with a little enlargement, in words which stagger my knowledge, not my faith, for I can believe anything when I am reading that chapter. He says, "Father, make them all one as we are one, that the world may know that Thou hast sent Me and hast loved them as Thou hast loved Me." O, what a wonderful statement that is: let Him now go home to His heaven; I have prayer enough now. No, He knows better: He stays a little longer that He may leave us ten times stronger; and cries, "Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given Me be with Me

where I am." I can not live in eternity without them: Father, bring them home. "I will;" and He has a right to will, for He has the power to execute; omnipotence is in His right hand—"Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am; that they may behold My glory" (blessed Christ, bring me there)—"that they may behold My glory, which Thou hast given Me." For they deserve it? O, no. For they are spotlessly holy? O, no. "For Thou lovedst Me before the foundation of the world."

How glad I am to have my salvation tied to that condition. I know God loves the Lord Jesus Christ. There never was a quarter of a minute when He did not love Him, and never more than when agonizing on the ground in Gethsemane He was crying up through ebon darkness, "O, my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me;" never more than when in broken-hearted agony, there on the cross, He was saying, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" He loved Him then better than ever, if possible. But Jesus says, "Father, bring them to heaven, for Thou lovest Me." So you see how this great argument of our text must bear upon God the Father and God the Son.

3. Now, see how it ought to bear upon us. What

is the argument? Just let me restate it in a word. God has given us the best He had. God has hurled down at our feet, here in the dust of this world, the brightest diamond of heaven, the very Kohinoor of the universe. Here it is; He has given us that; now, will He stop at gold or silver or iron or wood or brass, the lesser things that we need? Look again at the text which I quoted in the introduction: "If, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by His life." That is, if a dead Christ can save a sinner, can not a living Christ save a saint?

"Freely give us all things." "How shall He not?" O, how that argument must have rolled through the magnificent mind of Paul when he wrote those words, in the grandest chapter in the Bible, as it looks to me this morning. But I am not quite sure about that. Sometimes I think if everything else was gone out of the Bible but the eighth of Romans we would have Bible enough left for the world to go to heaven on, and for any sinner to be saved by. It is infinitely precious, this eighth of Romans, yet I confess I have sometimes the same thought about the fourteenth of John, and the seventeenth of John, and the twenty-third Psalm,

and the twenty-first of the Revelation, and the fortieth of Isaiah—and many more chapters. The truth is that when God shines into any soul through any window there is infinite light; and surely He shines through this chapter.

“All things.” That is what he proposes to us. O, ye poor, be rich. O, ye sorrowful, be happy. Ye are children of the King. He is coming to distribute crowns presently. He lets you walk in the dust awhile, and perhaps in coarse clothing and with scanty food, but you are children of the King. You are children of the eternal God. He is King of all worlds. The crowning day will come presently. Then you will know better what all this means.

I can refer to only a very few things, at the beginning of our splendid and exhaustless inventory of treasures.

(1) These “all things” include the whole foundation of our hope of pardon here and glory hereafter.

O, this wonderful man, Paul! O, this glorious eighth of Romans! It comes immediately after the seventh of Romans, and the seventh is that doleful place which some mistaken souls think it worth while to live in; supposing that if once in a while, in some prayer-meeting or class-meeting, they man-

age to groan out, "What I would I do not: and what I would not, that I do: when I would do good, evil is present with me. . . . O, wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"—if not saints, they are on the road to sainthood. Let me tell all such wretched doubters and distressed half-believers an open secret. The seventh of Romans was never built for anybody to live in. Like the Slough of Despond, in Bunyan's immortal allegory, it is a notable place—to get out of.

If you have been groaning in the seventh of Romans, come out and sing with the great logician poet in the eighth, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." Poet? Yes. You never thought of that, because his logic submerges his poetry; but the last eight verses of this chapter—indeed, I had almost said the whole chapter—is as true a poem as "Jesus, Lover of my soul," or the twenty-third Psalm. Hear him sing! He sings of no condemnation; sings of the witness of the Spirit; he sings of the redemption of the body; of the deliverance of the groaning creation; he sings of the philosopher's stone, "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God;" he sings and soars; he soars and sings,

until he comes to the thirty-first verse, when he cries out, "What shall we then say to these things?" as though to say, I must speak or die, and I have hardly begun yet. Then he sends forth the shout of the text, and quickly follows it with this amazing challenge: "Who is he that condemneth?"

May I make a personal allusion? Why not? The fathers used to. Paul frequently told about his conversion. When I was ten years of age I began definitely to seek religion. I was nine years anxiously waiting for the abiding witness of the Spirit. During those years when I heard Paul cry, "Who is he that condemneth?" I often felt like saying: Well, who are you who dare ask this question? Are you not that bold, bad man of Tarsus who persecuted the saints of the living God; and are you going about asking, "Who is he that condemneth?" If nobody else, in God's name, I fling down the gauntlet, and challenge your statement.

But fortunately for me, I kept my thoughts to myself until it pleased God, by another word of this same apostle, to bring me out of darkness into a great light; namely, by this: "To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness:" and then, when next I saw him stride forth before the armies

of the Philistines, shouting out his mighty challenge, "Who is he that condemneth?" I began to creep along in the track of his giant strides, whispering, Well, sure enough, who is he that condemneth? until presently I, too, was shouting it.

He went on repeating it until it seemed to me to sound out through three worlds, "Who is he that condemneth?" and every demon was dumb. Not one of them peeped or muttered against this wonderful challenge of salvation by faith alone. "Who is he that condemneth?" and the world was silent. No persecuted saint accused him; indeed, they rather gloried in the victory of grace in him, blessing God that the destroyer of the Church had become an apostle. "Who is he that condemneth?" and heaven sent down no accusation; no ascended saint, no angel, uttered a word; for God smiled. "It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth?" The court of last resort has quashed every indictment, and the sinner goes free.

(2) Another of our treasures is union with Christ. Only "with Him" come the "all things."

I have sometimes thought this one of the greatest marvels of our holy religion. When I remember how bruised and sore the feet of Jesus were, and still more His heart; how rough the road He

traveled here on earth; it has sometimes seemed to me that when He had "died for our offenses, and risen again for our justification," and ascended into heaven, He might have staid there and reveled in the celestial glory, and need not have come back here to be annoyed by the sluggishness of the Church, and the backsliding of professing Christians, and the poverty of our best love.

Might He not have left the Holy Spirit, as a kind of universal electricity, to come down into our hearts and dwell in them and transform them, while He Himself, the personal Christ, staid in His well-won heaven? Christians are so awkward and unlovely. You know many of them whom in truth you believe to be sincere, whom you would not want to live with in the same house; and you do not exactly know why your angles do not suit their angles; either you or they are somehow infelicitous and incompatible. They get into the Church and into official boards, and you do not know how to get along with them or how to get along without them. Now, do you know that of all these crooked, unlovely people (and perhaps to some that remark means you and me) the Lord Jesus Christ insists on living with every one, dwelling in the heart of every one until he shall make that heart beautiful

with the glories of holiness, and present it to the Eternal Majesty on the great day, "without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing?"

(3) Another of the "all things" is maintenance in love to God.

Why are you here this morning? Why are you not in a saloon of dissipation, or in your home utterly forgetful of the Sabbath and the Bible? Because of Christ's grace and love. Nothing else. Many a time your feet have grown weary and, perhaps, have slipped and stumbled; maybe you have discredited the Christian profession; but you are here to-day and on the way to heaven. Why? Because Christ has maintained you in His love. Satan uses no harder temptation for the timid believer to parry than this: "You are not a child of God. You do not love God." That "impudent old devil," as Luther called him, tries that temptation on almost all believers, and sometimes wins by dint of sheer demonic importunity.

I am reminded of Galileo, who was the first to teach the revolution of the earth on its axis. For this heresy, as the Church of Rome thought it, he was brought before inquisitors and compelled to recant, which he did in these words: "I, Galileo Galilei, in the seventieth year of my age, on my

bended knees before Your Eminences, having before my eyes and touching with my hands the holy Gospels, curse and detest this error of the earth's movement;" but as he went out into the open court, and his feet touched the ground, he said, "It moves." He knew it. They had extorted from him a reluctant denial with his lips only.

Even so, "that impudent old devil" harries real but doubting believers, saying to them again and again: "You are no Christian. Remember your poor prayers. Remember your many sins. Remember how rarely and poorly you read the Bible. You do not love God." And at length the despairing soul says, "Well, I don't love God; I am not a Christian." O, brother, look away once more to that cross on which He, the glory of the universe, hangs dying for your sin, and tell me if you can not at least say, with Cowper:

"Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint,
Yet I love Thee and adore:
O for grace to love Thee more!"

"Resist the devil, and he will flee from you;" and, in spite of all your weak faith and poor experience, you may yet join in the great apostle's shout at the end of this poem: "Who shall separate us

from the love of Christ: shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?

“Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us.

“For I am persuaded [Yes, Paul, so am I] that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.”

But I am talking of “all things,” so, of course, there is no natural termination to this sermon. Yet I must stop.

“All things.” What does that mean? O, brethren, how I would like to talk it over with Abel, or Abraham, or Paul! They have been in heaven many centuries. We know the beginning now of this inventory, just its A and B and C. When we have been in heaven a million years we shall know the whole alphabet, and shall have put the letters together into syllables, and the syllables into words, and the words into sentences; and shall have begun to understand the history and philosophy and literature and poetry of redeeming grace and celestial glory. Paul could tell us now what would fill us

with such rapture of home-sickness that we could not live on earth another minute, but would have to go home and find out for ourselves about the "all things."

(4) Let me name last the felicities to which God proposes to lead us. I can not dilate upon these at any length. Jesus seems to have said to Himself: "O, those people of mine, how I love them! Those feeble minds, those failing senses, those decaying powers, they are not good enough for my people, and I will give them new bodies with new senses. Those misjudging minds, those clouded intellects, those dull affections, are not good enough for my people, so I will give them new spiritual powers in an eternal world, where they shall see as they are seen, and know as they are known. That earth, that Church are not good enough for my people, so I will give them a new earth and a glorious Church. Religion as they have it now is not good enough for my people, so I will give them something better than that." What! Religion not good enough for Christians? Well, what is it now? Largely hope; it shall be fruition. Largely faith; it shall be sight. O, what do you think of living in a country where beggars are taken into the bosom of Abraham; where there shall be no more suspi-

cion; no more distance; no more unloveliness; no more jealousies or envies; no more temptation; no more sin; no darkness; no night; no pain; no devil; no death? O, these negatives of heaven infinitely glorious to my apprehension, make me want to be there. I touch the subject and leave it; but I never touch it without feeling as I suppose the little girl did, who, as night was coming on, pressed her face against the window-pane and looked out into the gathering darkness to see the evening star appear, and then the other stars, one by one, until the whole heaven was filled with their glory. Then, her heart all enraptured, she turned to her mother, and exclaimed, "O, mamma, if the wrong side of heaven is so beautiful, what must the right side be?" So if this poor hint of the heavenly bliss and glory is so enrapturing to our glad hearts, "what must it be to be there!"

Let every heart join with mine in crying, with hope and trust, which God grant may never fail us,

"Do thou, Lord, midst pleasure and woe,
For that Heaven my spirit prepare;
And shortly I also shall know
And feel what it is to be there."

VI.

MUNDANE VERSUS COSMIC CULTURE.

(DEDICATION OF UNIVERSITY HALL AND HALL OF
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"O Timothy, keep that which is committed to thy trust, avoiding profane and vain babblings, and oppositions of science falsely so called."—I TIM. VI, 20.

"That their hearts might be comforted, being knit together in love, and unto all riches of the full assurance of understanding, to the acknowledgment of the mystery of God, and of the Father, and of Christ; in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge."—COL. II, 2, 3.

THE circumstances of this hour lead our thoughts very naturally to the subject of liberal education. In what does it consist, and how is it to be secured, I may better say achieved? No man can travel through any civilized country in this age of the

world without perceiving that the human mind is intensely alive to this question. Multitudes of buildings of all sorts have been erected for educational purposes. Schools of all grades abound. Immense sums of money proceeding from public treasuries and from private endowments are annually expended. Text-books adapted with painstaking care to every grade of advancement, the most elaborate and curious apparatus for the illustration of all the sciences, libraries, periodical literature and other appliances, are largely and increasingly supplied. And best of all, the life labor of a multitude of the most intelligent men and women in the land, employed in the various departments of instruction, is devoted to the practical solution of this great question. What is aimed at in these elaborate arrangements and in the immense expenditure of time and money devoted to education? Compare Sir Isaac Newton with a Digger Indian, or the Connecticut of 1884 with the Connecticut of 1493, and you may approximate the answer. "Approximate," I say, for all culture here on earth is a process, through which "an increasing purpose runs," and looking to some ultimate and supreme good.

In this, however, as in other cases, fundamental errors vitiate long-continued and most laborious

efforts; and it would be strange indeed if this blundering, sinful race of ours should not make such errors in its struggle upward toward true culture.

My theme is MUNDANE VERSUS COSMIC CULTURE.

I shall attempt to show that there is an exceedingly prevalent and pretentious idea of culture abounding in the world, commanding high respect and almost homage, and yet dangerously false because of its incompleteness, if for no other reasons; a mundane culture, which would tolerably befit man if this mundane sphere were his only sphere, this mortal life his only career, and if he had no capacities or aspirations relating to any but earth-born beings; and then I shall attempt to show that there is possible to us here and now the grand beginning of a cosmic culture which fits man for every world he is ever to live in, and for his relations to all intelligences in the universe.

The one is narrow, the other broad. The one is one-sided, the other all-sided. The one pushes out very far and very brilliantly in certain directions, the other in all directions.

I. The mundane culture of which I speak claims to be broad, all-sided, incapable of prejudice, impartially hospitable to all truth. It has no sympathy

with the humiliating view of human nature, set forth by theology, as being in a fallen and disjointed condition. To it sin is simply ignorance, and knowledge is the prolific parent of all the virtues.

What I mean will best appear from the brilliant words of one of the most eloquent expounders and examples of this mundane culture. In a lecture on "A Liberal Education and Where to Find It," Professor Huxley compares this life to a game of chess and says:

"The chess-board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are what we call the laws of nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just, and patient. But we know, to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well, the highest stakes are paid with that overflowing generosity with which the strong show delight in strength. And one who plays ill is checkmated, without haste, but without remorse. Education is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of nature, under which name I include not merely things and their forces, but men and their ways, and the fashioning of the affections and the will into an earnest and loving desire to move in

harmony with these laws. For me education means neither more nor less than this."

Now, no doubt Nature is one of our teachers. No doubt her lessons are immensely important to us. By falling and being bruised the child learns to stand. By blight and tempest and mildew the blundering tiller of the soil becomes the accomplished farmer. But is not this totally impersonal view of nature a thoroughly pagan view? Is there any grand quickening of soul to be got out of such a blind machine, whether it carries or crushes us? Let us pause, however, a moment longer to get the whole of Professor Huxley's definition, and to be sure we do him full justice. He says:

"That man, I think, has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of, whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength, and in smooth working order; ready, like a steam-engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of nature, and of the laws of her operations; one who, no ascetic, is full of life

and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of nature or art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself."

Now let us give this theory of education all the credit it deserves. There is much in it that is excellent. Indiscriminate denunciation is unworthy of any seeker after truth, and especially of those truth-seekers who have begun at the center by a personal acquaintance with Him who is "the Way, the Truth, and the Life." If man were "a clear, cold, logic engine," and nothing more; if he had no heart and no spiritual needs and longings; if this world were his only possible residence and this life the whole term of his being; this machine view of the universe would do very well for him if it were only the true one. But the wheels do not grind blindly on for evermore; they are "full of eyes round about;" the "grass of the field" and the "fowls of the air" do not flourish and perish unnoticed and uncared for; much less we.

The radical fault in this conception of education, is that it proceeds on a radically false, fatalistic, and pagan view of nature. It deals only with the shell of nature and ignores the kernel. It makes nature a re-

morseless chess-player, watching for the first opportunity to cry "checkmate," and end the game against us forever. Many of the poets who have had no more faith in a supernatural revelation than the least reverent of scientists have yet found a soul in nature full of infinite tenderness toward man. In them and not in men who have insisted on running their intellects as mere "logic-engines," the unaided mind of man has attained its profoundest insight into nature's teachings. Those unscientific and unchristian races who peopled the woods with fairies and the sea with mermaids were nearer the truth than those self-styled scientists and antichristian men of today who refuse to see anything in, under, above, or behind nature but matter and force. The heathen are at least always believers in the supernatural, and have built altars "to the unknown God." It was reserved for modern times to put the most stinging sarcasm into the old saying, "The world by wisdom knew not God."

Another and no less fundamental error of this mundane culture is that it unscientifically leaves out of its calculations some of the most important elements of human nature and facts of human history. It also ignores the very richest means of culture. Both these grave defects will be more fully

referred to further on; and must now be passed with but few words. Professor Huxley says he finds "no need of the hypothesis of a God." No need, for what purpose? For one or two steps in the explanation of natural phenomena? An atheist can take no more steps than that; his account goes about as far as that of those Orientals who located the earth on a coiled serpent, the serpent on the back of a tortoise, and the tortoise on the back of an elephant, and then left the elephant, clumsily sprawling in vacancy, a very unscientific and unedifying spectacle.

"No need of the hypothesis of a God!" Again I demand for what purpose? It would be charitable to suppose that the distinguished author of this statement means to limit his startling declaration to the material world; and that in the realm of intuition and spiritual aspiration he will be found, like the greatest thinkers of the race, swift to proclaim at least the need of a God, if not also his actual existence. But he has cut us off from the possibility of exercising this charity, by declaring: "I have always been strongly in favor of secular education, in the sense of education without theology." Not content to take the inspiring soul out of the natural sciences, he would take it also out of metaphysics, out of history, literature, and even ethics. This mundane cul-

ture would eviscerate every department of human inquiry, and instead of vital forms of knowledge in beautiful relations to each other, full, every one of them, of inspiration to every generous mind, would leave us only a ghastly array of grinning skeletons.

II. The objections to this mundane culture which I have thus indicated, will more fully appear, and others will be suggested if we now pass on to consider what I have termed Cosmic Culture; by which I mean the culture of the whole man in view of all his relations present and future; especially in view of these most momentous facts that he is a sinful being designed for holiness and a mortal destined to immortality.

Let me fasten your attention on two very striking, and if they were not so familiar we should call them startling, facts: 1. That all over the world and all down the ages men have been longing, yearning, striving after perfection of knowledge and character; and 2. That always and everywhere their sense of failure in this search has been most signal and their disappointment most bitter. I speak not now of the masses of the ignorant and the vicious, but of the type men of the race, those who have guided its development and who have filled its literature, poetry, history, and philosophy with their queries and the-

ories. How they have longed for the *summum bonum*, the philosopher's stone, the Golden Age! Look at the struggles of the master minds of the race with this mighty problem; struggles, the despair of which is now and then relieved by a faint foregleaming of the dawn, as in the case of Plato, who in his "Phædo" says:

"One ought, with respect to these things [i. e., religious truths] either to learn from others how they stand, or to discover them for one's self; or, if both these are impossible, then taking the best of human words and that which is most difficult of refutation, and embarking on this as one risks himself on a raft, so to sail through life. But would it were possible to go through more safely and with less risk on a stronger raft or some divine word!"

Ages before his time there had been in the world a few scattered copies of a parchment manuscript which he never saw. Would he might have seen it! It would have been to him "a stronger raft" and a "divine word." It is called the Book of Job. See how vividly it portrays Plato's and the world's most perplexing puzzle, and then solves it!

"But where shall wisdom be found? and where is the place of understanding?

“Man knoweth not the price thereof; neither is it found in the land of the living.

“The depth saith, It is not in me: and the sea saith, It is not with me.

“It can not be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof.

“Whence then cometh wisdom? and where is the place of understanding?

“God understandeth the way thereof, and He knoweth the place thereof.

“And unto man He said, Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding.”

Alas, that men who have this Book of Job and all the other books of the Bible, and some who profess to believe them divine, should still prate of culture as though God and the Bible could be left out of it, or made something less than all-pervading in it.

Note now another very instructive fact. Men of this sort are from time to time driven by an internal compulsion to pay their homage to what they will not admit to be the Book of God, as being at least the god of books. Denying its divine authority, representing that it is full of errors, they are yet constrained to admit its peerless magnificence and to do homage to its incomparable majesty. It wants

only the barest scientific honesty to extort from any intelligent skeptic the fullest concession of the unique and stupendous power of the Bible in molding the history and literature of the modern world. I do not propose to give you now the testimony of strenuous believers, but of famous unbelievers—and first of the arch infidel of America.

Theodore Parker says: "This collection of books has taken such hold of the world as no other. The literature of Greece, which goes up like incense from the land of temples and heroic deeds, has not half the influence of this book from a nation despised alike in ancient and in modern times. . . . It goes equally to the cottage of the plain man and the palace of the king. It is woven into the literature of the scholar, and colors the talk of the streets. It enters men's closets, and mingles in all the grief and cheerfulness of life. Some thousand famous writers come up in this century to be forgotten in the next. But the silver cord of the Bible is not loosed, nor its golden bowl broken, as Time chronicles his tens of centuries passed by."

Professor Huxley says: "I have always been strongly in favor of secular education, in the sense of education without theology; but I must confess I have been no less seriously perplexed

to know by what practical measures the religious feeling, which is the essential basis of conduct, is to be kept up, in the present utterly chaotic state of opinion on these matters, without the use of the Bible. The Pagan moralists lack life and color, and even the noble Stoic, Marcus Antoninus, is too high and refined for an ordinary child. Take the Bible as a whole; make the severest deductions which fair criticism can dictate for shortcomings and positive errors, and there still remains in this old literature a vast residuum of moral beauty and grandeur. By the study of what other book could children be so much humanized, and made to feel that each figure in that vast historical procession fills, like themselves, but a momentary space in the interval between two eternities, and earns the blessings or curses of all time, according to its efforts to do good and hate evil, even as they also are earning their payment for their work?"

Surely these tributes are honest. And now, by what right, let me demand, do such men keep the Bible out of any grade or scheme of education? Making such concessions of its supreme excellence, why do they not use it as it deserves, they themselves being judges?

How grandly do such testimonies of these giant

unbelievers save us the necessity of even listening to the paltry prattle of pigmy skeptics who talk of the Bible as dwarfing the intellect and opposing its culture! No other force on earth has done a tithe as much to quicken the intellect. It has not been the Bible which has stood in the way of science, but its misinterpretations; not the Church, but the world in the Church; not religion, but the sin remaining in the stolid, ignorant, superstitious devotees of religion.

“Dwarfing the intellect!” Has this “scientific age” outgrown Shakespeare and Milton; or has it rather distinguished itself by climbing to a better appreciation of their marvelous genius than any other age since their time? Well, they had not outgrown the Bible. Take from the almost inspired, practical wisdom of the one and from the majestic eloquence of the other what they owed to this universal classic, and you destroy their writings.

It is time for us to notice more specifically the attitude of this great classic toward that cosmic culture, the need of which our study of human nature abundantly reveals.

Our attention is immediately arrested by the fact that the author of this book is no specialist. He does not point out a single field of inquiry and bid

us limit ourselves to that. He does not cleave the human soul asunder and teach us to give exclusive attention to the culture of one part of it, until the intoxicated intellect imagines itself all-wise and the spirit shrivels to death. It rather throws open to man the whole boundless field of truth and virtue as his proper heritage, and in generous and emphatic condemnation of all narrowness in thought or character cries out, "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

Thus we see that the man who takes the Bible for his guide must, so far as his opportunities permit, seek after all truth and intermeddle with all knowledge. But cosmic culture is not to be attained by searching after all truth simply for the sake of knowledge and development. That would make it only an enlarged mundane culture. The early processes of culture, conducted in a right spirit, reveal man's chief needs as having to do with character. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Religion is not a supplementary adornment, admirable but non-essential, like the thousands of elab-

orately chiseled flowers and statues on the marble roof of the Milan Cathedral; it is foundation, walls, columns, dome, and all. If it be anything, it is everything. It either has no claim on us at all, or must claim all we are and can do.

This sweeping claim for religion may be abundantly vindicated by any one of several lines of argument. I shall refer now to but one directly suggested by the theme of this address; viz., the imperative need of religion in order to true culture. Volumes might be filled with the despairing wails of the devotees of culture apart from God. "Vanity of vanities," is their cry, "all is vanity." "In much wisdom is much grief, and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow."

"They who know the most
Must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal truth
The tree of knowledge is not that of life."

Archbishop Trench has a touchingly beautiful and truthful didactic poem setting forth the million times repeated failure of all culture which is its own end. He represents a youth favored with opportunities of culture the most brilliant and faithfully improved, but leading to such disappointment and aridness of soul as drives him forth despairing to desert sands. As he sits there heartbroken beside

a ruined temple, an old man stands by his side and asks, "What is your sorrow?" He glowingly depicts his hope, his search, his failure, his corroding grief. The old sage speaks to him words of sympathy and of revelation, and ends by uttering to him and for us all a lesson as beautifully simple as it is profoundly true:

"You thought by efforts of your own
To take at last each jarring tone
Out of your life, till all should meet
In one majestic music sweet;
And deemed that in your own heart's ground
The root of good was to be found,
And that by careful watering
And earnest tendance we might bring
The bud, the blossom, and the fruit,
To grow and flourish from that root.
You deemed you needed nothing more
Than skill and courage to explore
Deep down enough in your own heart
To where the well-head lay apart,
Which must the springs of being feed,
And that these fountains did not need
The soil that choked them moved away,
To bubble in the open day.
But, thanks to Heaven, it is not so;
That root a richer soil doth know
Than our poor hearts could e'er supply;
That stream is from a source more high:
From God it came, to God returns,
Not nourished from our scanty urns,
But fed from His unfailing river,
Which runs and will run on forever."

Thus we find ourselves once more at the feet of the Incomparable Teacher. What do we learn here concerning cosmic culture? I never come anew into the presence of the Great Teacher without being impressed afresh with the peerless majesty of His intellect and His heart. He had but little of what men call education; He had probably never seen a map of the world; He sat at the feet of no Socrates as Plato did, and no Gamaliel as Paul did; He won but few proselytes, and those ignorant, awkward, and half-hearted; He wrote no books, no letters, not a line save one, and that in the dust; but He spake as never man spake; and the world has listened and been transformed. He said, "I, if I be lifted up" on the cross, to die in bitterest agony and disgrace, "will draw all men unto Me;" and they are coming, coming in ever-widening ranks all around the world. He said, when the words seemed lunatic folly, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations." The teachers went, and their successors after them, and it has long since become the sanest of hopes that they will keep going until they accomplish their stupendous errand, by filling the whole earth with the music of the glad tidings. I ask you to note the fact that the startling and sublime success of

Jesus is due to spoken words. That pierced right hand never held a pen nor a sword. He had, He incarnated, He *was* the truth. It will cost us an effort to realize how widely the "greater than Solomon" is in this particular, separated from Solomon and from all other teachers; but it will richly repay the effort.

Have you never been struck with the uniqueness of the intellect of Jesus, when you have studied Him in comparison with the kingly thinkers of the world? They wrought out grand philosophical systems; or embodied the spirit of an age or of a nation, and so obtained dominion over millions; or soared to the seventh heavens of poetic inspiration. Not so He. He never argues. He never doubts. He knows the truth, declares the truth, *is* the truth. Men listen, receive Him, and the truth makes them free. Some of the men who have astounded the world by their prodigious genius have been like mountains of crystal ice—brilliant, cloud-piercing, cold, fruitless. The intellect of Jesus—to what shall I liken it? It is "the light of the world;" most impressive symbol; for as the solar ray carries in itself light, heat, and chemical force, so the teaching of Jesus pours effulgent illumination into the mind, life-giving warmth into the heart, and transforming energy into the will.

His conception of truth is altogether unique. His attitude toward truth differs from the ordinary attitude of the human mind. What men are is revealed by their uses of certain words. "Truth" is by no means the same thing in the mouths of Huxley, Emerson, and Wordsworth. It may mean scientific verity, or a collection of philosophical principles, or the soul of all things. Not such is truth on the lips of Jesus. With Him it is not a thing of the intellect alone, nor of the imagination, nor of the heart; but of the whole man. I would I could take the time for a full exposition of this thought as admirably unfolded by one of the most widely known of American religious teachers, the Rev. Phillips Brooks. I must content myself with a brief citation of his weighty words:

"Indeed, knowledge is no word of Jesus at all. Solomon is always talking about knowledge; Jesus talks about truth. So genuine is the unity of His being that what comes to Him as knowledge is pressed and gathered into every part of His being and fills His entire nature as truth. The rays of intellectual life are absorbed into the whole substance of the spontaneous affections and the unerring will. The right and the true, the wrong and the false, are not separable one from another. When we see

how constantly it is the crudity of the unappropriated, unassimilated intellectuality that disappoints us in intellectual people, so-called ; when we find ourselves perpetually turning away from learned men whose knowledge has not been pressed down into character ; when we find that the preponderance of the intellectual element in any man always dissatisfies us and makes us recoil, and, with all the interest that we may feel in Him, does not let us think that we may have found the fullest and most perfect man,—then it becomes clear to us what a distinguishing thing in Jesus was this unity of life in which the notion of intellect was lost. Not from simple brain to simple brain, as the reasoning of Euclid comes to his students ; but from total character to total character comes the New Testament from God to man.”

See now if this interpretation is not justified by the words of the Master : “Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.” “Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin. . . . If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.” “Sanctify them through Thy truth.” “Every one that is of the truth heareth My voice.” “I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.”

We have thus arrived, under the guidance

of the Supreme Teacher, at a conception of what religion is. It is the enfranchisement of man. It makes him free. He is the bound slave of self and Satan. It breaks his chains. It untwists and rends the tough threefold cord of custom, habit, and nature. Nay, the victim is not only bound, but dead and reeking in corruption. But lo! He who is "the Way and the Truth" is also "the Life." He cries into man's tomb, "Arise!" and then, "Loose him and let him go." This beginning of life Jesus nourishes. He came to "give life, and to give it more abundantly." He vivifies, empowers, develops intellect, heart, will, until sin perishes; and then tireless, sleepless, measureless, eternal, real life begins.

We meet to-day to dedicate this University Hall and the adjoining laboratory building to the uses of cosmic culture; i. e., to a broad, deep, genuine culture sought at the feet of the Great Teacher and in the shadow of His cross. May all students who shall gather here, and all professors who shall guide their studies, have what Chalmers praises in Newton as "the hardihood of true science;" i. e., the courage to accept all truth regardless of its consequences; and also that other and, if possible, richer possession

which Newton had, a humble and reverent Christian faith!

This is a Christian college. Such may it ever remain. Sooner than it shall dishonor the name it bears, and deny the faith of its founders, and join the ranks of blank agnosticism and contemptuous misbelief, may the lightnings of heaven smite its walls to the earth and oblivion hide its name from the memory of man! I am most happy to say that in beautiful accord with the Christian traditions and the revival spirit of Methodist colleges generally, these walls (even before we could assemble to dedicate them) have had the lofty consecration of the sighs of penitents and the glad songs of new-born souls.

Long live Hamline University! Live a thousand years! Live while these prairies glitter in snowy white or smile with golden harvests! And when time shall be no more; then live on and live forever, in myriads of thy sons and daughters stimulated here to a divine hunger and thirst for knowledge and for character, which can never be satisfied until "the Lamb that is the midst of the throne shall be their shepherd, and shall guide them unto fountains of waters of life."

VII.

THE MORAL ELEMENT IN EDUCATION.

(SEMI-CENTENNIAL OF WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY,
MIDDLETOWN, CONN., JUNE 29, 1881.)

*"Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter;
Fear God and keep His commandments, for this
is the whole duty of man."*—ECCL. XII, 13.

TO-DAY this Christian college celebrates its fiftieth anniversary. Half a century ago a little band of true-hearted men planted it with mingled emotions of gratitude, faith, and hope—gratitude for what God had wrought in the world through Wesleyan Methodism; faith in the far-reaching and beneficent power of Christian education; and hope that their little banyan shoot might spread its branches outward in the inspiring light of universal knowledge, and strike its roots downward in the generous soil of steadfast faith, until it should fulfill the double prophecy of its honored name, *Wesleyan University*.

And who was he whose name it bears? This, I am aware, is no time for denominational self-glorification, and I shall not for an instant make it such. But Wesley, like Luther, is the heritage of the world. No sect *can* monopolize him; every Christian philanthropist, philosopher, scholar, and patriot may claim him. His is one of those great names which, like lofty mountains, rise as they recede. Many of the finest eulogiums ever pronounced upon him have come from outside his communion, and even from eminent skeptics. Gladstone declares that he "gave the main impulse, out of which sprang the evangelical movement;" and Dean Stanley, that he "was the chief reviver of religious fervor in all Protestant Churches, both of the Old and the New World." Macaulay pronounces his "genius for government not inferior to that of Richelieu;" Buckle terms him "the first of theological statesmen;" and Leslie Stephen says that "Wesleyanism is, in many respects, by far the most important phenomenon of the eighteenth century."

If these, surely unprejudiced, encomiums are even half deserved, Wesley must have had a recognized and potential place among the educational forces of his time. Not otherwise could he have won such estimation in such quarters. At his very first Confer-

ence he proposed the question, "Can we have a seminary?" and proceeded to establish one which is doing grand work to-day. He compiled text-books in Latin and English grammar and history, in elocution and logic, and published a "Complete English Dictionary" two years before Johnson's. He earned a high place among the men of his age for popularizing knowledge. The great ulterior purpose with which his educational work was prosecuted is manifest in the inscription he placed on the front of Kingswood School: "*In Gloriam Dei Optimi Maximi, in Usus Ecclesiæ et Reipublicæ.*"

This glance at Wesley's work in education shows us, that, like all his work, it was intensely, absorbingly practical. It was a means to an end. Education was simply one of the levers with which he was prying hard to lift up humanity. He aimed at the "harmonization of man with his environment," though he would have called it, in more idiomatic English, fitting man into his place; and that place, in his conception, was the place of the highest attainable character and power in this and in a better world. Hence his famous aphorism, "Cleanliness is next to godliness," and his strenuous efforts to alleviate physical woes. Hence, also, his zealous labors for the intellectual quickening of the

masses; but both these in order to something higher; as means to the supreme end which he kept evermore in view, and which may be termed, in the largest sense of these words, moral ennoblement.

We thus come, by a natural and easy path, to the topic of the hour:

THE MORAL ELEMENT IN EDUCATION.

The *philosophical basis* of this essential part of education needs no voluminous proof, nor even elaborate statement. It will readily appear if, bearing in mind the purpose of any education, we consider man as an individual, a member of society, a subject of the Almighty Monarch, and an immortal being. In each and all of these aspects of his nature, man can not explain himself to himself without constant reference to moral considerations. He has duties every moment, on every side, which he can not adequately meet without constant accessions of light and impulse.

For such a being, what is education? Let Pestalozzi answer: "Education relates to the whole man, and consists in the drawing forth, strengthening, and perfecting all the faculties with which an all-wise Creator has endowed him—physical, intellectual,

and moral. Education has to do with the hand, the head, and the heart." Let Herbert Spencer answer: "The one end of all true education is to learn how to use all our faculties to the greatest advantage of ourselves and others," or "how to live completely. And this being the great thing needful for us to learn, is, by consequence, the great thing which education has to teach. To prepare us for complete living is the function which education has to discharge; and the only rational mode of judging of any educational course is to judge in what degree it discharges that function." So say two mighty masters in this great work. "The drawing forth, strengthening, and perfecting all the faculties"—that is the method. "How to live completely"—that is the end. Need another word be said to show that moral education has a philosophical basis? Have we a faculty, or an assemblage of faculties, or a mode of action of any faculty, known by the name of conscience? Do the terms *right* and *wrong* convey any positive, not to say definite, impressions? Are there any ethical distinctions? Are "ought," "must," "duty," "remorse," suggestive of any ideas? Has conscience anything to do with a man's relations to self-culture, to his fellow-men, and to God? Is it cultivable? Like muscle and thought, is it toughened by tension?

and can the fineness of its fiber be indefinitely improved? These questions need no answer.

The momentous *practical importance* of the moral element in education is, if possible, still more manifest than the scientific necessity of it. Take the average college graduate, and observe him as he goes forth into the world. What are the demands made upon him? What does society most need to find in him? Does it search him through and through until it finds somewhere in his cranium "a clear, cold logic engine," strongly built, smoothly running, equal to any purely intellectual feats? Far be it from me to even seem to depreciate the very broadest, highest intellectual culture and power. Man's intellect is a spark from the burning splendors of the Infinite Intelligence. Let its every power of perception, intuition, comparison, reason, be developed to the full. Let it forage widely in the field of physics, metaphysics, language, literature, history, and all other knowledge. It is sublime to know, and to know how to learn.

Still there is room for our question, What does the world most want to find in the average college graduate? Is it not to find him a manly man? Character,—that is the grand desideratum. He is a lawyer; his clients want to be assured of his hon-

esty in his dealings, and of his conscientious fidelity in looking after their interests. He is a physician, a real estate agent, a minister of the gospel, a politician, a teacher. In every field of endeavor, rectitude, nobleness, uncalculating and strenuous integrity are his great needs. These carry with them the assurance of the best use of his intellectual forces.

And whatever his special profession or occupation, he has social, civil, political, ecclesiastical relations, in all of which the chief demand is for character. So are we always and everywhere driven back upon the moral element in culture and in life.

The logical and inseparable *connection between moral and religious culture* has already forced itself on our attention, and must now be more distinctly considered. Of this connection there are various proofs, adapted to various classes of mind. On this consecrated hill, where for fifty years successive classes of students have been led by Christian instructors to

“Siloa’s brook that flowed
Fast by the oracles of God,”

I need not for a moment detain you at this point from the highest line of argument. In this place no day has passed since Wilbur Fisk first trod this

campus without humble invocation of the presence and guidance of that Incomparable Teacher who left no writings, but whose spoken words have filled the world. The thought of the race is busier about Him in this age than ever before, with multitudinous results, prominent among which is this: all men agree to crown Him King of Ethics. There is no such moral code as His. The long line of the most brilliant opponents of Christianity as a religion reverently bow their heads to Jesus Christ as the very foremost teacher of morals. Well, then, he is true; he is "the Truth," and the fountain of truth to men. When He speaks He is to be believed, "our enemies themselves being judges."

Now, what does he say on the topic before us? The effort has been studiously made to make him say nothing but ethics. His moral precepts have been lifted up and hung about with such profuse drapery of highly rhetorical adulation as to conceal, if possible, His religion and His blessed person. If possible, I say; but it is impossible. The very writers who most positively profess to have accomplished this task, unconsciously admit their total failure.

The author of that remarkable skeptical book, "Supernatural Religion," asserts that "the earliest

teaching of Jesus recorded in the Gospel which can be regarded as in any degree historical is pure morality, almost, if not quite, free from theological dogmas." Yet, only two pages afterward, the same writer states, wholly unaware of his own inconsistency, that Christ's teaching "confined itself to two fundamental principles—love to God, and love to man." On this admission Principal Shairp fitly comments thus: "As if the precept to love God with all the heart and soul and mind implied no theology; as if it did not, indeed, involve the whole of theology, the belief that God is; that He rewards those who diligently seek Him; that, in spite of all the darkness and unrighteousness there is in the world, He is still worthy of our entire trust and love. No theology, indeed, in this! To believe this much demands the fullest stretch of faith of which man is capable. After accepting these fundamental beliefs, all else is comparatively easy of acceptance."

Rénan, too, falls into the same inconsistency,—first asserting that "we seek in vain for a single theological proposition in the gospel," and then, that "a lofty conception of the Divinity is in some sort the germ of our Lord's whole being."

In further proof of the indissoluble connection of morality with religion, and hence of the absolute

necessity of their coeval and reciprocal development in education, I call attention to the fact that there never has been a nation in which tolerably correct moral ideas and practices have prevailed in the absence of a genuine and operative, although an imperfect, religious faith. The early age in the life of every nation which history cares to concern itself about, has been an age of religious reverence, and of a morality basing itself on the supposed will of a higher power.

Later ages may have been far richer in evidences of intellectual development and culture, but if religion has decayed, morality has declined *pari passu*. There is in human nature no reliable foundation for virtue apart from God. In ethics it is pre-eminently true that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Ancient Rome must ever stand as a most signal illustration of these principles. Her earliest religion was comparatively pure. It employed no idols. It prevented divorce for two centuries. It gave us the words "sacrament" and "religion." Mommsen says it viewed "guilt as a crime against the gods." Plutarch uttered this profound truth: "Sooner may a city exist without houses and grounds than a State without faith in the gods. This is the bond of union, the support of all legisla-

tion." Polybius praises the Romans especially for their piety, declaring that "among them the administration of public funds is more secure by means of the oath than elsewhere through the most extensive system of checks." And Augustus expressly decreed that every senator, before he took his place, should go to a temple, offer a libation, and scatter incense.

Happy had it been for the greatest of empires if the severe simplicity of her early faith and morals had attended her magnificent outmarch of conquest. In the Roman Forum Augustus set up a golden milestone, the startingpoint of the great military roads which led into all the lands Rome had conquered. Rome was the center of Italy, Italy the center of the world. From the Nile to the Tweed there was but one empire. Power has never been so concentrated on this planet as on the banks of the Tiber. Nation after nation was subjugated and assimilated by this most marvelous of the nations.

And then there passes before our eyes one of the most mournfully solemn spectacles in all history, what Gibbon calls "a sinking world." The most magnificent nation on earth is overrun and ravaged by Northern hordes. Her superb civilization perishes utterly. Why? There can be but one answer:

Because it lacked any moral foundation. Religion had perished, with it morality, and soon after it civilization and national life. With million-voiced emphasis the old lesson is again thundered into our ears, that intellectual culture, the most varied and brilliant, is not the true life of man. "Old," I say; for, a thousand years before, the wisest of men, after full discussion of this subject—illustrated by minute details of his own, intensely instructive because exhaustively ample and pungently bitter, experience concerning it—sent down through the ages a sententious dictum which every age has solemnly reaffirmed: "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep His commandments: for this is the whole duty of man."

Yet there are not wanting superficial thinkers who insist that our age is an age of decaying religion and improving morality. What Carlyle characteristically excoriates as a "gospel of dirt" is held to have discredited the Gospel of Jesus Christ. All Christian and other Biblical postulates have been rudely jostled, and all theistic assumptions will soon be laughed out of intellectual society. So we are told. Let Disraeli answer all such superficial prate. In "Lothair" he says: "Wiseacres go on talking about the decline of religion, and religion the mean-

while goes on building up and tearing down empires. Religion dying in the world! And yet if you touch religion, or tread on religious convictions, a revolution will be kindled in twenty-four hours in any nation in Christendom as fierce as that which deluged France with blood ninety years ago. Religion dying in America! The Americans are a very patient and wonderfully tolerant people, but touch them as to their religion, and quicker than they sprung to arms when Sumter was fired on will battalions muster, as though the land were sown with dragons' teeth."

Let the Jew teach timid Christians that religion is not declining. No "philosophy, falsely so called," nor truly so called, can bow out the Man of Nazareth. His kingdom is marching grandly on. This century has witnessed many of its greatest conquests. Some of the woodwork of theology which the superserviceable zeal of men of former ages had built about the citadel of truth, has indeed been demolished, but the grand proportions and impregnable strength of the citadel itself have thereby only been revealed; and the rational, Christian, and Biblical foundations of religious faith stand as firmly as ever. If not, and if essential religion is really waning, then history may terribly repeat itself, and

some future Gibbon may record the decline and fall of the great British Empire and the greater American Republic.

Facts thus furnish what scarcely falls short of a scientific demonstration, that man has a moral and religious nature; nay, a demonstration which underlies, overtops, and enfolds all scientific processes. The God-consciousness is at the bottom of self-consciousness. Even Spencer and Tyndall find themselves obliged continually to speak of "the Unknown Cause," "the Unseen Reality," "the Ultimate Existence," and even (words which, borrowed in part from Paul, befit his lips better than Tyndall's, and yet which all human lips at some times yearn to utter) "the Inscrutable Power, at once terrible and beneficent, in whom we live, and move, and have our being and our end."

It is hardly too much to say, with Newman Smyth, that "had man not been organized first for God, he would not have been organized for knowledge of the creation. Science, to a person without religious endowment, would be impossible." Nitsch says: "The felt consciousness of God produces out of itself ground perceptions, by virtue of which, before all scientific mediation, it can rule and condition the whole domain of conceptions." Similarly,

Ulrici urges that the religious feeling is the necessary condition of all knowledge, without which we could not rise above the level of the brute. Bold postulates these; but does not the deepest philosophy of human nature sustain them? I borrow an illustration and broaden its application: "You can not have true physics without astronomy; a correct view of the earth without a look, at least, at the stars, and some knowledge of the sun; neither can you have true morals without this upward glance, without some perception of the moral ideal, that divine perfection which is the light of all our seeing. Theology is moral astronomy, indispensable to any true knowledge of our earthly life." I would rather say Christianity is human astronomy, without which man is "of the earth, earthy." He may try to soar, but he will be quickly rooting again in his "gospel of dirt." He must have Moses and Christ. Without the Decalogue and the Sermon on the Mount, he is "earthly and sensual," and—let us not shrink from the remainder of the most unwelcome but terribly truthful sarcasm—"devilish."

If these sentiments are even approximately just, the bearing of them on the topic of the hour is sharply manifest and most momentous. What duty can be more urgent than to pour all our educational

processes full of moral principle and religious life, and especially to see to it that the higher education, which is to give law to the masses of men in all matters of scientific, philosophical, and theological opinion, shall never lose sight of Sinai or of Calvary; that it shall be thoroughly theistic and consistently Christian?

We may well observe, with jealous concern, the tendency of our time toward what is termed in high-sounding phrase, "*the secularization of education.*" What if some "advanced thinker" on the science of life, in order to avert disease and augment physical power, should advocate a simplification of nutrition, by means of a patent arrangement for barring the blood out of the lungs, or dispensing with the gastric juice, insisting that digestion and the aeration of the blood are cumbrous and unnecessary appendages to nutrition? You would quickly remand him from this to the opposite hill, from our Hall of Science to that larger hall of nescience and agnosticism.* Education, like nutrition, relates to an entire and complex organism. If you could eliminate from man everything else but pure intellect, then might you, with some show of reason, secularize his education. If you could prove to a demonstration that

* The Asylum for the Insane.

he has no conscience, no heart, no duties, no relations to men, no obligations to God, no religious aspirations, no hereafter, then, perchance, might you omit all moral and religious teaching of such an abject;—no, not even then, for if man were intellect alone, the truth would still stand that the most inspiring ideas that can ever enter the intellect are ideas, not of nature and of force, but of the sublime Personality who is the Author of both. Our intellectual needs forbid the omission from education of these greatest of all thoughts. How much more our profounder needs!

Certain things, doubtless, must be seen in the cold daylight of intellect alone—the multiplication table, for example, and the old red sandstone. No other light is necessary to determine whether three times four are twelve, or whether certain tracks were made by birds or reptiles. But there are things which can be seen only in a better light, or rather through a medium which is more than light—the sunshine of the soul; and sunshine is made up of light, heat, and chemical force. It illuminates, vivifies, transforms. Man is more than intellect. The validity of his judgments depends upon the solidarity of his powers. A one-sided culture is necessarily misleading. You may have an athlete, a

pedant, "a clear, cold logic engine," a marvelous artist, a brilliant specialist, even an intense reformer, or a rapt saint, and no *man*. O man, know thy dignity and thy magnificent destiny! Thy place is next to God. He made thee in His own image. Man wants morality and religion—the true morality, the one perfect, final religion—not Confucius, Zoroaster, Socrates, nor Moses alone, but Jesus Christ. He is "the desire of all nations." It is truer than ever that "all men seek" Him. Scientists, moralists, philosophers, reformers, statesmen, all men, consciously or unconsciously, are swelling the refrain, "We would see Jesus." The mind and heart of the world have been so enkindled by the search after truth, that nothing but the highest truth can satisfy them.

It is said that a Frenchman named Le Peau undertook to contrive a new religion, and to foist it upon the world,—a sort of theo-philanthropy which he thought well suited to his vain and volatile nation. Surprised at his scanty success, he asked advice of the prince of diplomatists. Talleyrand listened to his statement of his project and its difficulties, and then said: "Well, M. Le Peau, you have indeed undertaken a hard task, a very hard task; and if you wish to succeed in the great endeavor

to establish a new religion, I advise you to be crucified, and to rise again on the third day." Thus did this master of statecraft offer the tribute of his spontaneous homage to the Author of that one final religion which is permeating and molding the nations.

The train of thought thus developed has various and exceedingly important practical issues. Prominent among these is the question, How far and *in what manner should popular education be conducted by the State?* That the State has some function in this matter is now generally admitted. It must see that its citizens have some intelligence. It must provide the opportunity for future voters to know how to read their ballots. Is that all? The practical answer of most of the States in this country goes far beyond this. Our public schools generally teach the branches necessary to a tolerable business education for the masses of the people. Multitudes of cities and towns have also high schools, many of which prepare students for college (after a fashion), and several of the States have established, and are munificently supporting, normal schools, colleges, and universities.

There are certain aspects of this question of

higher education by the State which belong to political economy; such as this, Whether the State has a right to tax all the people for the support of a grade of education whose advantages can be enjoyed by but very few? This and kindred questions are comparatively trivial, and must not detain us now. We are concerned about interests greater than dollars and cents.

The vital question is, In what relation should public education stand toward moral and religious truth and culture? There can be but one right answer. No man, no set of men, no government, has any right to assume the functions of education without attempting to do the work of education by drawing out, strengthening, and symmetrically developing all the powers of our complex nature. A celebrated medical lecturer once said: "Gentlemen, physiologists will have it that the stomach is a mill, others that it is a fermenting-vat, others, again, that it is a stew-pan; but in my view of the matter, it is neither a mill, nor a fermenting-vat, nor a stew-pan, but a stomach, gentleman, a stomach." Even so there are doctrinaires in education who need to be reminded that any specialist view of human nature is false, by its omissions at least, and may be fatal. What sort of being is this whom you propose

to educate? Human, gentleman, human; that is, manifold, complex.

Start with the postulate that man is intellect alone, and your scheme of education must be radically defective and vicious. Man is body, intellect, heart, will, conscience, and spirit. All these must be educated together, or you wrong, and may ruin, your pupil. Especially and pre-eminently is it essential, in order to secure the highest end of education, which we have seen to be character, that the great cardinal principles of morality and religion should be constantly assumed, and from time to time, as occasion may require, specifically taught.

The effort to avoid such teaching leads to a quick and sharp *reductio ad absurdum*. How will you initiate the attempt? By ejecting the Bible and all public prayers from the school, and omitting from its curriculum all books on ethics and Christian evidences? Is your way now clear? Will you also eject Milton and Shakespeare from your course in English literature? If not, your pupils will still run the risk of being poisoned by large doses of ethics and theology! Will you chase Homer and Virgil, Æschylus and Cicero, out of your classical course? If not, the same peril, in minor degree, still remains. Will you rewrite and emasculate all

history, and still the voice of every bard, and stop midway in your metaphysics, and call a halt on the hither edge of every science? If not, the awful form of obligation may meet you at any turn; and you can never be certain that the next step may not show you the hand and thrill you with the heart-throb of the Infinite One.

Duty meets us everywhere, and the will of the Almighty is made known to us in the majestic music of her voice. Wordsworth is not less philosopher than poet when, in his "Ode to Duty," he exclaims:

"Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face.
Flowers laugh before thee in their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
And the most ancient heavens through thee are
fresh and strong."

Any study may bring us face to face with moral and religious questions which we can not blink. So the question is not whether the State will have anything to do with religion in education, but whether its educational work shall be theistic or atheistic, Christian or infidel. There is no neutrality in this war. The fundamental conception of a personal

God confronts the opening mind; and the whole spirit of a school, college, or university must and will make some affirmation concerning it; either, "I find no need for the hypothesis of a God," or else, there is a God who made and upholds all things, and whose will is the standard of all obligation.

So, if the State enters the field of education at all, it is her imperative duty to educate morally and religiously. Not to do so is to wrong and victimize the opening minds of which she assumes control at the most critical period of their development, and also suicidally to defeat the great end she has in view in training her future citizens. What nation, and especially what republic, can soberly hope for long-continued, not to say happy, existence, unless the tides of her life are poured full of lofty purposes and noble ideas; that is, of moral and religious thought and power?

I know I may be referred to the home and the Church as furnishing the proper fields and ample facilities for moral and religious teaching. But this scheme seems to me to ignore three facts vital to the question: 1. The utterly insufficient moral and religious training in the vast majority of homes; 2. The brevity and infrequency of the lessons of the pulpit and the Sunday-school; and 3. The fact that

from the days of Pythagoras till now the silent influence and even the *ipse dixit* of every forceful teacher have set their enduring stamp on his pupils. Such a teacher commands high respect by his genius and learning. His devotees are at the precise age for hero-worship. He has their deeply interested attention, not to trite topics for a brief half hour once a week, but to fresh and inspiring themes for ample periods through all the week. Hence, his opinions on matters of the highest moment, and even outside his department, often have greater weight than those of parents and pastors. Bishop Thomson hardly overstates the case when he says: "The schoolhouse is the great fountain of national character, and sends forth sweet or bitter waters through all the streams of the nation's thought. It must be in the hands of either religious or irreligious men. Let it fall into the latter, and Catiline is at the gate of our Rome."

The duty of the Christian Church in education, also, needs to be clearly seen and deeply felt. The history of education in this country shows that this duty was very early recognized, and has been faithfully prosecuted. Why are we here to-day? To rejoice over the first fifty years' history of the oldest Methodist college in the land. It may seem to need

explanation that the most numerous Protestant denomination in America, the one chiefly represented here, should have entered the field of college education so late. But during our first half century we could do little but evangelizing work.

We did, indeed, early establish academies, the number of which has been greatly multiplied and their grade improved, but I could wish we had better earned the praise accorded us by Edward Everett, who said "there was no Church in the United States so successfully engaged in the cause of education as the Methodist Church." Some idea of what we have accomplished may be gathered from the report of the United States Commissioner of Education for 1878, which shows that the Methodist Episcopal Church then had under its supervision forty-four universities and colleges, attended by 7,930 students—a larger number of students than were in similar institutions of any other denomination, Protestant or Romanist, and more than one-eighth of all the college students reported. In addition to these, there are ninety seminaries, academies, and female colleges under the supervision of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The whole number of students now receiving instruction in the literary institutions of this Church is about 21,000.

These institutions were all of them founded by Christian men and women, with the distinctly avowed purpose of promoting moral and religious, together with intellectual, education; and nine-tenths of all the universities and colleges in the United States are under positively Christian supervision. If, then, as we have seen, the State is bound by considerations relating to its own highest interests, and growing out of the very nature of education, to educate morally and religiously, *a fortiori* the Church is held to this work by the grip of still more cogent reasons. For her own sake, for humanity's sake, for the country's sake, for Christ's sake, she must be, as she always has been, foremost in this great endeavor. *Fas est ab hoste doceri*. I recall a conversation in which one of the most eminent rationalistic educators in this country, after hearing about the methods of religious teaching in various colleges, said: "I would not on any account submit a son of mine to the religious influences of Williams College, or Dartmouth, or Wesleyan." Instructive comment, thought I, on that ostentatious liberalism which insists on hospitality to all ideas! And then he added: "If I supposed there was any particular thing, say A, necessary to be believed in order to salvation, I should feel bound by every sen-

timent of honor and duty to see to it that every student committed to my care should be taught that A. But there is no such thing." Church of God, on kindred principles of reasoning, what do "honor and duty" require of you? Show your faith by your works.

Another of the foremost of American educators, of a widely different type, holds the following line of argument: Most colleges are professedly Christian. They have daily morning prayers. Those prayers are offered to a personal God; that constitutes a profession of Theism. They are offered in the name of Jesus Christ; that constitutes a profession of Christian Theism. "Now, I hold," says he, "that whenever in any recitation or lecture room, whether of history, philosophy, science, or any other, a question arises relating to Theism or to Christianity, consistency alone (not to speak of any higher motive) absolutely requires that the public religious profession of that college should then and there be vindicated by positive Theistic and Christian teaching."

The duty of a college concerning the topic of the hour has to do with its general arrangements for moral and religious culture, with its curriculum of study, and with the character and work of its stu-

dents and officers. Every college should, if practicable, have, as this has, an elegant, prominently located, churchlike chapel, whose heavenward-pointing spire shall invite developing mind to the loftiest thought and purpose. Where it can be done effectively, let there be a fully organized college Church, with its Sunday services, class-meetings, prayer-meetings, and Bible-school. Let no convert called to the ministry, coming to college from the glow of a zealous home Church and Sunday-school, find himself chilled to death by a transition from Florida to Iceland. The daily morning prayers in a college, like those in a well-ordered home, should be occasions of reverent, deliberate reading of the most interesting portions of God's Holy Word, of hearty singing, and of varied, fit, fervent, prayer. Who of us who heard them can ever forget Olin's majestic adoration and Fisk's tender and subduing intercession?

There is reason to apprehend that the ordinary college curriculum is less Christian than formerly. How the Bible should be taught is a fair question for frank and reverent discussion, but surely somehow. Not as a half-studied or utterly unstudied Monday morning's apology for a recitation. Give it a good place or none, and in every department let there be

no flings at it, nor apologetic references to it, and quotations from it. Its divine life is proved by its survival of the treatment of its professed friends.

Hebrew, New Testament Greek, theoretical and practical ethics, natural theology, and Christian evidences certainly deserve thorough teaching in a college; and the man who shall, in the light of the latest science and criticism, produce fit text-books on these last two subjects will deserve well at once of philosophy and of religion. Where are the Paleys and the Butlers of to-day? And who are the Christian scientists to furnish the "Bridgewater Treatises" for the last quarter of the nineteenth century? Every age must restate the evidences of Christianity with special reference to current objections. Happy the man whose genius and culture, illuminated from above, shall prepare him for this great work!

Concerning the character of college students, I shall take the time but for few words, and they shall be words based on profound conviction. A college is not a reform school, nor a hospital for rakes and debauchees, nor a luxurious lounging-place for idlers. It is a place consecrated to truth and virtue, and to the strenuous search after truth and virtue. It is therefore an unpardonable profanation for the atmosphere of a college to be long polluted by the

foul breath of persistent vice, or by the secret plottings of shameless disorder.

Let the annoying but harmless pranks of frolicsome youth be generously borne with for a time, especially if they be accompanied by that honor and manliness which can not endure the slightest shadow of falsehood; but let every parent be assured that in college his son shall not be tempted by the presence of drunken, lewd, lying, perversely mischievous, or recklessly lazy companions. Let all such cancerous excrescences be remorselessly cut off.

If the circumstances of college life furnish fair ground for such a demand for character in students, how much more in college officers! Men of brilliant genius and varied culture and extensive erudition and aptness to teach, they ought to be, if practicable; *men*, manly men, men of noble character and lofty purpose, they *must* be. To put any but such men into these high places of power is a reckless trifling with the highest interests of the race. And in the light of the truths unfolded this hour, is it not eminently desirable, if not absolutely imperative, that such character in college officers should base itself, and aim to build up character in others, on distinctively Christian foundations? Such men were my instructors in these halls in my youth.

Of these I may not name the living ; but my heart commands me, and I must name the president by whom I was matriculated, whose majestic form moving about this campus was a constant benediction, and the president whose thin hand signed my diploma, and whose radiant, virile, and noble character abide among my most cherished memories,—Stephen Olin and Augustus W. Smith. When, two decades later, *Alma Mater* called me to sit in the chair they had occupied, I was delighted to find some of that old-time Faculty and other likeminded men among my colleagues ; and when, a year ago, I went forth to other duties, it was my joy to leave such men as co-workers with my successor ; and I confidently anticipate that dear old Wesleyan's goodly succession of such learned and Christian instructors will go down the ages, with ranks changing and widening but unbroken, followed by increasing numbers of admiring students, who shall imbibe their learning, and catch their spirit, and emulate their character, and win their heaven.

Hail, beloved *Alma Mater* ! On thy fiftieth anniversary thy loyal sons and daughters gratefully and lovingly gather here to greet thee. This is thy golden wedding-day. Heroic *purpose*, having long since won his spurs by resolute endeavor, and weary

often in heart-sick search, has at last found his richly dowered mate—golden *opportunity*. These coy lovers have met and wedded on this campus, and we gather to-day to celebrate the nuptials.

Long live *Alma Mater*! Live a thousand years! Live while the placid Connecticut flows at thy feet! And when yon river shall cease to flow, and these walls shall crumble back to dust, and the heavens and the earth shall pass away, live forever, *Alma Mater*, in myriads of souls fashioned by thy teaching to the finest issues of character, and graduated to the higher forms of the school of the Incomparable 'Teacher!

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